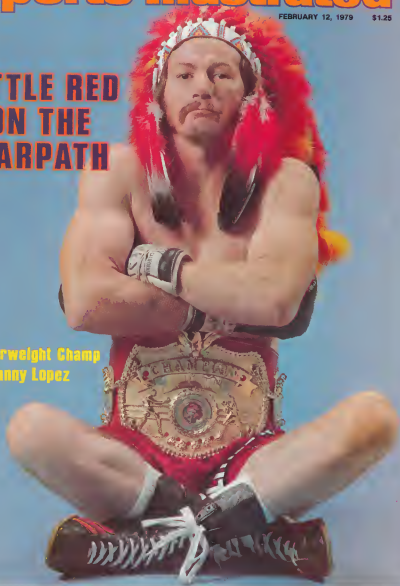


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Next Week

STREAKING Eamonn Coghlan, who has not lost an indoor mile in two years, puts his string on the line at the Milrose Games when he faces John Walters, Wilson Wagner, Steve Scott, Paul Cummings and Dick Buerkle. Joe Marshall reports.

THE BIG FOUR of tennis—Borg, Connors, McEnroe and Vilas—hook up in the Grand Slam tournament on the clay courts of Boca West, Fla., where Borg's goal is a third straight championship and the \$150,000 first prize. Curry Kirkpatrick is at courtside.

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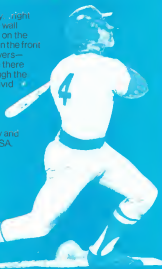


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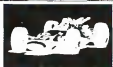
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SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

FITNESS FINDINGS

Ninety million adult Americans have now taken up some form of exercise in pursuit of physical fitness. Most of them will be surprised to know that, contrary to popular belief:

- Active people smoke as much as those who get no regular exercise.
- The physically active and inactive report the same amount of sleep.
- Women are taking up some form of exercise at a more rapid rate than men.
- Twenty-three percent of the general public say that nothing would be likely to get them involved in any form of physical activity.

These are some of the findings from a study done by Pollster Lou Harris for Perrier. Based on 1,510 interviews and a telephone sample of 180 runners, the poll found that while 59% of the American adult population are involved in some sort of exercise, only 15% can be classified as "High Actives," whose favorite sports are calisthenics, running and basketball. Those not so zealous are more partial to bowling, swimming and walking, which is still the most popular form of exercise.

On the basis of his poll, Harris also says that 5% of the chair-bound "Non-actives" will take up jogging in 1979 but that the jogging craze is slowing down. The rougher contact sports also have fallen out of favor with parents of both sons and daughters. Parents are one of the strongest influences on physical fitness, and Harris predicts that if they continue to have a strong impact on the sports their children take up, football, boxing and wrestling may be on the way out.

WIN AND LOSE

What are the chances of playing in just two losing NFL games in a season, yet not participating in the playoffs? Ask Greg McCrary.

A backup tight end and special-teams player, McCrary is a four-year veteran who was traded from Atlanta to Washington at the end of the 1978 exhibition

season. He was on the Redskins roster for six games—all of them victories—before he was waived, sat idle for one week and then joined San Diego in time to play in its last nine games.

The Chargers closed by winning seven of those contests, giving McCrary a personal 13-2 record (.867) to contemplate while he watched the Super Bowl. On television, of course.

ALL FOULED UP

Mike Rhodes, a sophomore guard at Vanderbilt, was being congratulated. The Southeastern Conference had just released its weekly basketball statistics and Rhodes was leading the league in free-throw accuracy with a nifty 85.2%.

Then somebody pointed out that while Rhodes was leading the SEC, he ranked only second on the Vanderbilt campus. Ann Morrow, a 5-7 junior on Vandy's women's team, had hit on 26 of 27 attempts from the line, for a spectacular 96.3%.

FLEETING FAME

Ben Crenshaw, who won \$108,305 on the PGA Tour last season, obviously knows something about greens. That may explain why the Austin, Texas telephone directory lists his occupation as "Professional Grocer."

NO CAKEWALK

On Valentine's Day, Johnny Longden will celebrate his 72nd birthday. Alan Balch, the marketing director at Santa Anita, wanted a dynamite idea to promote a Longden Day for the famous horseman. "What better way than the world's longest birthday cake?" he thought. A long one for Longden. One furlong long, in fact. An eighth of a mile. Two hundred and twenty yards.

"It seemed like a great idea at the time," says track custer Donald Williams, indicating that the thing had turned into a giant pain in the pin. "I honestly don't know if we can pull it off," he said.

The recipe is simple enough: 5,256 eggs, 750 pounds of flour, half a ton of sugar and 375 pounds of shortening. Oh, yes, and lemon flavoring to taste. But the logistics are another matter. Williams' plans read like a *Mission: Impossible* script. The cake will be baked in downtown Los Angeles in three-foot sections, an operation that will take 24 hours. While the bakers are baking, workers at the track will be setting 90 eight-foot tables end to end outside the rail in the grandstand, stretching from the eighth pole to the finish line. The tables must then be leveled by carpenters to prevent the cake from separating.

At 4 a.m., the cake will be loaded into vans in eight-foot sections and transported to the track. Pink icing will be used as mortar to join the sections. Seventy-two candles will be placed eight feet apart atop the cake, which will be six inches wide, except for the middle 20 feet, which will be 24 inches wide. At 11:10 a.m., 36 track employees will march out and light the candles.

As yet, no one has figured out how Longden will be able to blow out 72 can-



dles spaced eight feet apart in a single breath. He could mount a horse and recreate his many rides at Santa Anita with a stirring stretch run while brandishing a candlesnuffer rather than a whip. More likely, the snuffing will be performed by the Los Angeles weather, which has provided the track with 9.06 inches of rain since the opening of the meet on Dec. 28. Anyone for sponge cake?

STRICTLY SUPER

The Pittsburgh-Dallas Super Bowls (X and XIII) qualify as two of the more stirring games in the series, but they have been even more meaningful for James

continued

and Sally Smeaton of Ridgefield, Conn. The Smeatons' first son, James R., was born on Jan. 18, 1976, the day of Super Bowl X, while his brother Brian arrived Jan. 21, 1979, almost as Super Bowl XIII kicked off.

The Smeatons have yet to announce whether or not they are going to root for Pittsburgh and Dallas next season.

FOR HIRE

With the exception of the New York Jets, every team in the NFL lost players to free agency when their contracts expired last week. Leading the list of 142 players who can now receive offers from any other club in the league are those in the following fanciful lineup.

Offense: Wide Receivers—Ahmad Rashad, Minnesota; Larry Walton, Buffalo. Tight End—Jackie Smith, Dallas. Tackles—John Vella, Oakland; Roger Finnin, St. Louis. Guards—Reggie McKenzie, Buffalo; Noah Jackson, Chicago. Center—Tom Banks, St. Louis. Quarterbacks—Mike Phipps, Chicago. Running Backs—Larry Csonka, Giants; Wilbur Jackson, 49ers. Kicker—Garo Yepremian, Miami.

Defense: Front Four—"Too Tall" Jones, Dallas; Jeff Yeates, Atlanta; Dave Rowe, Baltimore; Roger Stillwell, Chicago. Linebackers—Stan White, Baltimore; Fulton Kuykendall, Atlanta; Rick Middleton, San Diego. Secondary—Levi Johnson, Detroit; Willie Buchanan, Green Bay; Paul Krause, Minnesota; Ken Houston, Washington. Punter—Herman Weaver, Seattle.

Not a bad team.

HEATED MOMENT

It is the custom at all NBA and most college basketball games to provide the working press with play-by-play information sheets at the end of each quarter or half.

A typical entry might read: "3-40—Smith, 20-foot jumper, left of key, 51-49."

But the running account of the Long Beach State vs. Cal State-Fullerton game has set a new standard by including this comment: "16:05—(Coach) Bobby Dye took off his coat."

TIME AND A HALF

The Continental Basketball Association falls far short of the NBA in all respects except all-star games. In contrast to the NBA game played Sunday in Detroit, last

month's CBA contest may have been the longest all-star game in professional sports history.

The game matched the Rochester Zeniths against an all-star squad from the CBA's seven other teams. At the half, with the score 68-59 Rochester, a power failure halted play. The next day the game was continued, but although the two teams picked up where they had left off, at least insofar as the score was concerned, they decided to play a full regulation game, or four 12-minute quarters. This they managed without incident, the Zeniths winning the six-quarter affair 182-168. Rochester's Andre McCarter, who had 42 points, 25 assists and seven steals, was the game's MVP. Ron Davis led the All-Stars with 47 points.

RELIEF IN SIGHT

Even though the Chicago White Sox no longer schedule Ladies' Days, owner Bill Veeck says that women are coming to the ball park in greater numbers than ever. Thirty-six percent of the million and a half fans attending Comiskey Park last year were women. "Not only that," says Veeck, "we've found that they drink beer." As a consequence, Veeck has announced the opening of a new ladies' room behind the leftfield stands.

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

The United States Golf Association runs 10 national championships each year. Eight of them are for amateurs only; two, the U.S. men's and women's Opens, are "open" to anybody who is good enough to qualify, which means mostly pros. Now the USGA has decided to add one more open championship to its schedule beginning in 1980: a senior open, a national championship for senior golfers, both pro and amateur, men and women, who have reached the age of 55. The prize money for the pros has been set at \$100,000, and a handicap of eight or lower will be required of the amateurs.

A USGA Senior Amateur has existed since 1955, and for 34 years there has been a PGA Senior championship, which Sam Snead has won six times. But the new event could eventually bring together many golfers who have had parallel careers but rarely have played together. For instance, Lew Oehmig, 62, the 1976 Senior Amateur champion, has never played in the same field with Snead, 66. Arnold Palmer, who turns 50 this year, will be eligible in 1985, while Snead,

Tommy Bolt, Julius Boros, Art Wall and others qualify right away. Most notable among the amateurs is Bill Campbell, the 55-year-old Huntington, W. Va. insurance broker who won the 1964 U.S. Amateur, played on eight Walker Cup teams with a singles match record of 7-0-1, and has played in 15 U.S. Opens and 18 Masters tournaments.

With a great old course to play it on—say Pine Valley or Shinnecock Hills—and proper TV attention, both of which the USGA can provide, the Senior Open should be a winner going in.

TAKE THAT!

Interlachen (Fla.) High School, which has an 11-5 record, routed winless conference rival Pierson Taylor last week, 106-22, after being the target of an unusual form of demonstration.

With Interlachen leading 53-12 early in the third quarter, Pierson Taylor protested what it obviously considered Interlachen's excessive zeal in running up the score by scoring nine straight baskets—all for Interlachen.

"I guess that made it 71-12," said Interlachen Assistant Coach Charles Golden. "After that, they started bringing the ball upcourt. It was bush league. We had cleared our bench by halftime."

Nine Interlachen players were credited with scoring a total of 88 points; the other 18 were credited to the team.

FAITH, HOPE AND BATTERY

In a recreation-league basketball game in Tulsa, Forward Joe Trueblood was ordered from the contest for talking back to the officials. When Trueblood's tirade continued from the bench, Referee Charles Mutch called the game with 20 seconds left.

According to Mutch, this prompted Trueblood to grab the official by his whistle cord, which he twisted while wrestling Mutch to the floor. Mutch was rendered unconscious for three minutes and was later hospitalized.

The game, incidentally, matched Trueblood's Memorial Park team against Osage Hills. Both are members of the Maxwell Recreation Center Church League of Tulsa.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Veeck, in a message to White Sox fans: "We will scheme, connive, steal and do everything possible to win the pennant—except pay big salaries." **END**

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FEBRUARY 12, 1979

IT HAPPENED IN



MONTEREY

*A tragicomic last round of the Bing Crosby saw
leads disappear and putts roll without end until
Lon Hinkle finally won on the third extra hole*
by DAN JENKINS

Hinkle tees off at the famous 233-yard 16th hole at Cypress Point.



What happened on the Monterey Peninsula in last week's Crosby, pro golf's annual encounter with picture-postcard seascapes, was that some touring professionals hit some shots and missed some puts with the style and imagination of Jack Lemmon and Clint Eastwood. The result at the end of regulation play was a tie at four-under-par 284 and a three-hole playoff that looked as if it might last forever, or until Lon Hinkle finally came back from wherever he had been for 20 holes and putted like himself instead of a movie actor.

All sorts of golfing calamities and near-miracles had to occur during Sunday's final round at Pebble Beach to send the tournament into a combination of overtime and CBS prime time, which left half the country blacked out at the climax. First, to get his 284, Hinkle had to shoot a 77 and let his five-stroke lead collapse in the manner of a subsiding soufflé. Second, Mark Hayes had to shoot a 72 that would feature a four-putt triple bogey just when he was taking a grip on the \$54,000 first-prize check. And third, Andy Bean, whose heroics had hitherto been confined to the pre-am phase of the event that he and his partner were leading, had to shoot a 69 to make up eight shots.

The playoff began at the 15th hole, which was where Hayes had four-putted from eight feet about an hour earlier. With thousands of fans following them just as if they were household names, all three parred the hole with comparative ease and the gallery raced on to the 16th. Here, Bean chose to take himself out of it with a bogey, after a terrible iron shot that left him far off line. As for Hinkle, after hitting as pretty a seven-iron into the flag as anyone could diagram—a tight 30 inches from the cup—he missed the straight-in putt. Pulled it left. Hayes made a routine four, and so the two survivors moved on to the 17th, one of those scenic par-3s where, behind the green, you can admire the expensive yachts moored in Carmel Bay. And now it was time for Hinkle to win it.

Lon nailed another wonderful shot off the tee, this time a five-iron that bit into the back level of the green, about 12 feet from the flag. Hayes left himself on the lower level with a real problem of get-

ting down in two from 45 feet. He struck an excellent putt for a change, however, and got a par. Then it was up to Hinkle to make his very first birdie in the day's 21 holes of golf. At last he did it, the ball rolling slowly and truly into the cup.

For Hayes, the outcome was naturally a bitter disappointment. He had played his way into contention with a blazing 66 on Saturday, after which he said, "Lon can be caught because anything can happen at Pebble Beach." And strange things definitely did happen on Sunday. Until he reached the 15th the first time around, Hayes was shooting three-under-par golf. And while he was doing that, Hinkle behind him was methodically making five bogeys. Through the first 11 holes, Hayes picked up an astonishing seven shots on Hinkle—and he walked onto the 15th green with a two-stroke lead.

There Hayes faced an easy, slightly uphill eight-foot putt for a par when, as the pros say, his valise flew open. He hit the putt too hard and the ball went about 18 inches too far. Now he was headed down-hill, and he rapped this one a godawful eight feet past the cup. Looking at his third putt, he was as far away as he had been on his first one. So he missed it, too. He finally sank his fourth putt from about a foot and a half away for the triple-bogey 7. "I lost my composure is the only way I can explain it," Hayes said.

One immediate result of this extended farce was that Bean, who hadn't been a part of all the excitement, picked up four strokes on Hayes in about 90 seconds and became an instant contender. For at more or less the same time that Hayes was floundering on 15 and 16, where he also bogeyed to lose his share of the lead, Bean was making a birdie on 17. On the other hand, Bean sounded later as if he didn't really expect to win. Marveling at Hinkle's prodigious shot-making, he wanted to know how he could be expected to beat a guy who can hit the ball from Big Sur to Santa Cruz. "Anybody who can hit a one-iron up with my driver has to be dealt with," he said, without specifying exactly how.

But while Bean was worrying about a playoff with Hinkle, Hayes suddenly got back into it with a birdie at 18. He very nearly missed a makeable putt, but it somehow fell into the hole, enabling him to get into the playoff. From six feet away, Hayes dropped what has been called a "margarita," one of those putts that runs around the edge of the hole like salt on



Nathaniel, 17, son of Bing, has a one handicap

the rim of a glass and then falls in the front door.

Afterward, Hayes said, "I was feeling kind of sorry for Lon out there, but I guess I don't have to anymore."

Indeed not. Lon Hinkle is a fine player who has been on the tour since 1972. He started winning important money a year ago and he isn't going to stop with this Crosby. He has a solid swing besides being one of the two or three longest hitters on the tour. This bag, gutsy 29-year-old from San Diego also enjoys a wager in practice rounds—just to keep an edge, you understand. Before he broke through with his first tour victory in New Orleans last year, he had gained a pretty far underground reputation as the man who owned Lee Trevino all last winter on practice Tuesdays.

Hinkle prefers to think it was settling down that made him a better player. "Before I got married, I played golf 48 weeks a year," he says. "I didn't even have an apartment. I played golf and hung out in motel bars, which isn't where you improve your golf or find a wife."

True—as is the fact that there is always more to a Crosby than who wins it.

One of the problems in following any Crosby is that because the tournament is played on three courses of varying difficulty, it is hard to judge exactly who is really leading until Saturday evening, when everyone has played every course. For instance, on Thursday Jay Haas, Gra-

ham Marsh and Mike McCullough shared the lead with 68s, but McCullough and Marsh had played at Cypress Point, the easiest of the three courses, so Haas' 68 at Pebble Beach may have put him slightly ahead. Then again, perhaps the true leaders were Hinkle and Peter Jacobsen at 70, for they had played Spyglass Hill, which was so tough last week not one player was below 70 on it.

On Friday Hinkle emerged as the clear-cut leader, his 68 at Pebble putting him two strokes ahead of Curtis Strange and Leonard Thompson. Bean and Hayes were well down the list, seven and eight strokes back, and behind them came many of the players one might expect to win the tournament. Tom Watson, who had won it the last two years, was at 148, 10 strokes behind Hinkle. So was Tom Weiskopf. Hubert Green was 10 back of them, and Hale Irwin, Lee Trevino and Jerry Pate, all destined to miss the cut, were even farther behind. For the record—and he was coming close—it was the first time in 86 events that Irwin had missed a cut, dating back to the 1975 Tucson Open.

Hinkle looked as if he had put the Crosby away for good on Saturday when he played Cypress in 69 and increased his lead to five strokes over Hayes, who had his brilliant 66 at Pebble. Because there are no scoreboards at Cypress, Hinkle didn't know what his situation was, nor did he learn much on the ride back to the press room at Pebble, when he heard a radio report announcing that he had played at Spyglass.

"I didn't have any idea what the other guys were doing," Hinkle said later. "I just kept plugging away, trying to make birdies. Then I heard that I shot a 68 at Spyglass for a six-stroke lead. That's O.K. With Mark giving me five shoes, that's the kind of game I'm looking for."

As usual, the pro-am part of the tournament was probably settled before play began—by the handicapping committee. To those pro-am veterans familiar with his golf game, giving 14 strokes to Bill Bunting virtually gave him all the Waterford crystal and other amateur prize goodies before the first man teed off last Thursday. Bunting is a real-estate developer from Tampa, Fla. when he isn't playing in almost as many golf tournaments as Gerald Ford.

Other teams who were attempting to catch up with Bunting, who was playing with Andy Bean, wondered why the tour-

naament committee didn't just give Bunting a loaded gun and a mask instead of 14 strokes. Well, old Bill was smart enough to play to his handicap on Pebble's 18th hole while he was on television Sunday. That was where he hit all of his golf balls amongst the seals and abalone. Before that, however, he did whatever it took to get his team to the 31-under-par figure that it finished with to win the pro-am division by six shots.

For reasons having to do with the complicated handicap-scoring system, few low-handicap amateurs ever make it to the final round, which is why the 17-year-old tournament chairman, Nathaniel Crosby, was a spectator on Sunday. Nathaniel is a stylish golfer who plays to a one handicap, which is about how his daddy played the game when he was

young. When Nathaniel wasn't attending to his chairman duties, he was driving the ball almost as far as his partner, Jerry Pate, and looking very much like one of the new-breed regulars on the tour. Otherwise, he was being exceedingly charming and articulate beyond his years and asking various committee members if it was O.K. if he took a nap now.

In the end, the most telling naps were taken by Hinkle and Hayes. Hinkle had to dribble away his lead with a succession of bogeys, and Hayes had to blow his lead by playing the 15th like Lemon and Eastwood, which allowed Andy Bean to come on and make it a three-some. But then they went back out on the golf course and played like amateurs again until Lon Hinkle finally played a hole like Lon Hinkle.

END

The \$54,000 Hinkle got for winning the Crosby was more than he earned his first five years as a pro.



JUST THE PRESCRIPTION THE DOCTORS NEEDED

Since Dr. Stanley Frager started hypnotizing Louisville's star Darrell Griffith, the Docs of Dunk have been operating on defense, as well by WILLIAM F. REED

The faculty of the University of Louisville School of Medicine, Department of Dunkology, includes such gifted young practitioners as Dr. Neck, Dr. Jab, Dr. Braun and, of course, the fabled Dr. Dunkenstein. By winter's end, however, the most valuable doctor of all may be a rotund, pipe-smoking fellow whose dunks are limited to dipping doughnuts

in coffee cups. Dr. Stanley Frager, a psychologist and a professor of social work at the university, adores the basketball team so much that he plays a horn in the pep band. Recently he also has been using a form of hypnosis to cure what had seemed to be a terminal case of lousy defense afflicting Darrell (Dr. Dunkenstein) Griffith and Bobby (Dr. Neck) Tur-

ner. Frager's success is one reason the self-styled Doctors of Dunk have been transformed from a bunch of quacks into a solid bunch of operators who have a 19-3 record, a No. 5 ranking and serious NCAA title aspirations.

Frager, 38, came to Louisville seven years ago from the same school—UCLA—that spawned Cardinal Coach Denny Crum. He never thought much about using hypnosis as a coaching aid until his avid interest in sports led to his becoming an assistant baseball coach a couple of years ago. One day, while listening to Baseball Coach Jim Zerilla complain about how difficult it was to get his players to concentrate, it occurred to Frager that hypnosis might help. The results were gratifying, to say the least. The first athlete he helped, Pitcher Donnie Gutan, won 19 straight games when he learned to control his temper and concentrate on his motion. Two other members of the Cardinal pitching staff also showed marked improvement after seeing Frager, and slugger Nick Gagel broke out of a horrendous slump following a session in Frager's cluttered office.

When Louisville's football coach, Vince Gibson, heard what Frager had done with the baseball players, he asked the psychologist to help Kicker Matt Mager concentrate on not jerking his head up when his foot hit the ball. Once he broke the habit, Mager went on to break the school scoring record. Mere coincidence? Perhaps, but Crum had seen enough to ask Frager to help Griffith concentrate while playing defense.

A 6'4" junior guard with a vertical leap of 48", Griffith is the guy responsible for all the Doctors of Dunk hoopla. He calls Turner Dr. Neck because of his bullish neck. Guard Tony Branch Dr. Braun because of his good grades. Forward Larry Williams Dr. Jab because his high school nickname was Jabber, and so forth. Griffith himself is Dr. Dunkenstein because his dunks are so monstrous. Trouble was, Griffith seemed to be so preoccupied with devising new dunks and nicknames that he often forgot to guard anybody. The merest hint of a fake was enough to send a puzzled Griffith spinning this way and that in search of his man.

Just when Crum was looking for a tailor to make him a three-piece strangajacket, Frager worked a miracle with Griffith. Since beginning his sessions five weeks ago with Louisville's "concentra-

Griffith (35) has found that his 48" vertical leap can be of use for something other than slams.





As a result of sessions with Frager, Griffith surmounts guards opponents' toughest backcourt man

tion coach," which is what Crum calls Frager. Griffith has continued to dazzle everyone with his shooting and dunking. On a four-game road sweep of Maryland, Dayton, Cincinnati and Florida State in January, Griffith hit 60.5% of his shots from the field while scoring 30, 25, 23 and 24 points, respectively. But in two other January games his defensive work was at least as notable as his offense. He held Southwestern Louisiana's Andrew Toney, who was averaging 26 points, to only 12, and Marshall's Bunny Gibson, a 19.8-point scorer, to nine.

Not one to toot his own horn, except on game nights, Frager insists there is "no hocus-pocus" about his sessions with Griffith. Frager says he cannot make athletes transcend their physical limitations, but he can help them improve their performance through sharper concentration.

"In talking to coaches, I've learned that the biggest problems are mental mistakes, not physical ones," Frager says, "so what I do will help a player remember what he should do on certain plays, for example, or help him concentrate on free throws. The crux of it is relaxation and concentration. Basically, you're picturing yourself doing what you want to do. I'm not a psychiatrist, and Darrell is not undergoing therapy. He doesn't lie down on a couch or go into a trance. The three things that make up hypnosis are suggestion, concentration and relaxation. I create an atmosphere in which all three exist. No mantras are used, no medita-

tions swung. We just sit and talk about what the player wants to accomplish and what Coach Crum wants him to accomplish. Sometimes when I ask Darrell to close his eyes and concentrate, you can even see beads of perspiration break out on his forehead. It's as if he's in a game."

While Frager has helped Griffith and, more recently, Turner, with their defense, Carlton (Scooter) McCray, a skinny 6' 8" freshman from Mount Vernon, N.Y., has helped to bolster their offense. McCray, a citizen of the New York metropolitan area and a bit more worldly than his teammates, thinks all the Doctors of Dunk business is sort of silly. He simply calls himself Ice, as in cool. Nevertheless, his ability to cut open defenses with surgically precise passes has made better players out of everyone, especially the stocky forward Turner. "As long as Scooter's around, I've got a shot at the world record for layups," Turner says. "I consider myself happier than anybody about Scoo coming here. I always pay attention when Scoo has the ball, because he might bounce it off my head."

Turner compensates for his lack of size—he recently refused to get a haircut because he was afraid his true height might be revealed as 6' 2", instead of the listed 6' 4"—with quickness and the strongest hands on the team. When McCray has the ball on a high post, Turner roams the baseline. As soon as he flashes open, McCray fires the ball to him. And once Turner gets the ball, he is go-

ing to either score or get fouled, because nobody is going to knock it out of his mitts. To strengthen his hands, Turner does 50 fingertip push-ups every day.

McCray's contributions come as little surprise to Crum, because Scoo was one of the most widely recruited high school players in the nation last season, just as his 6' 7" brother Rodney is now. What has been startling is the play of McCray's less heralded classmates, Derek Smith, Wiley Brown and Jerry Eaves. Smith, a 6' 6" forward, would be among the nation's leaders in field-goal percentage—he has hit 66.9% of his shots—except that he has not attempted enough field goals to qualify. The 6' 8" Brown, who is as muscular as McCray is skinny, fills in at center and strong forward. And the 6' 4" Eaves has shared the guard spot opposite Griffith with Branch, the Cardinals' best playmaker, and Roger Burkman.

Going into the season, Crum felt that Louisville could be a national contender if the Cardinals were able to win frequently while giving the four freshmen enough playing time to become acclimated to the college game. The only way to do that was to shorten some upperclassmen's turns on the court. "It was a big sacrifice for them," says Crum, "because their stats would be better if they played more. But they all wanted our team to be the best it could be, so they sacrificed." Now, says Crum, Louisville's biggest assets are its depth and unselfishness.

Without a true center—McCray is a forward playing out of position—the Cardinals win by looking for the open man and using a helping, hustling man-to-man defense. Except for two bad halves, one at Ohio State, the other at home against Mississippi State, Louisville has been remarkably poised, given its youth. Even when the Cardinals fall behind, they never seem to get shook.

After beating Cincinnati 88-85 last Saturday, Louisville had an 11-game winning streak and a two-game lead in the Metro Conference. However, the Cardinals have a recent history of playing well in February and then collapsing down the stretch in March. Of course, that was before Frager's hypnosis, Griffith's defense and McCray's passes. Says Williams, Louisville's only senior, "I'd say we're playing up to about 60% of our potential. If the young players keep coming on. . . ." He smiled a blissful smile. Hold that thought, Dr. Jab, and for heaven's sake, concentrate. . . .

THANK HEAVEN FOR FATHER DUFFY

Whether or not divine intervention was responsible, Steve Cauthen finally broke his 110-race losing streak on a winless gelding by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The less than magic number is 110, and it represents the consecutive losing rides engaged in by 18-year-old Steve Cauthen during a slump that lasted a month before ending, mercifully, last Thursday at Santa Anita, causing a series of reactions as bright and tender as one could ever hope to see around a race-track.

It was an afternoon in which chill winds whipped through the stands and quilts of snow topped the purple-tinted San Gabriel mountains beyond the backstretch. As the fourth race neared, part of the small crowd made its way to the walking ring behind the grandstand to watch yet another performance of a painful circus. Television crews were stalking Cauthen, the most publicized rider since Paul Revere, pointing cameras into his gaunt, old-young face. The losing streak was growing "beyond my worst nightmares," he said.

When he arrived at the track that morning Cauthen was aware that he had only four mounts for the day and that one of the horses would probably be scratched. He wasn't scheduled to ride in the fourth race, but he lucked into a mount on a horse named Father Duffy when Laffit Pincay Jr. was taken ill. How very odd. Only four days before, with Cauthen's losing streak at 105, trainer Laz Barrera had announced that Stevie was being replaced by Pincay on Triple Crown winner Affirmed in Sunday's \$200,000 Strub Stakes. The trainer of Father Duffy? Señor Barrera. When told that Pincay was ill, Barrera was asked who would ride Father Duffy "Stevie Cauthen," he said. "Maybe something good will fall from the heavens. The whole Cauthen slump has been so crazy that something crazy like this might cause it to end. Maybe now the monkey can get off Stevie's back and everybody else along with the monkey."

Father Duffy was a maiden, a non-winner in 10 lifetime starts. When the starting gate popped open, Cauthen, wearing white silks with red cross sashes, sent the 4-year-old gelding up between horses on the first turn in the 1 1/4-mile race. Cauthen kept Father Duffy just be-

hind the leaders until the top of the stretch and then pushed him into the lead. But suddenly a horse named Vaslov ranged alongside, looking as if he would keep right on moving. Cauthen went to work with his whip. Even though Vaslov nosed ahead of Father Duffy, Cauthen kept the pressure on Father Duffy won by a neck, and a few jumps beyond the finish Cauthen thrust his left arm into the air, the whip held high. The longest drought any top rider had ever endured was over.

People came out of the grandstand and clubhouse to run to the winner's circle, and although the attendance figures said there were only 13,645 of them, they somehow managed to sound like 80,000. There was thunderous applause and cries

of "Stevie! Stevie!" Barrera looked up at the infield tote board. "No! No!" he said. "Not this!" The inquiry light was on; the stewards had noticed Father Duffy and Vaslov lumping through the stretch. But after looking at the films the stewards allowed Father Duffy's number to stand. For the first time in so very long, that marvelous Cauthen smile appeared, and now it was a young-young face. Cauthen walked over to Barrera and buried his head against the trainer's chest.

"I saw myself on television that night," Barrera said later. "I cry for me and I cry for Stevie. Had I had a Triple Crown winner and somebody took him away from me I would have cried. My wife was an Olympic diver and all my sons have done well. Stevie isn't my son, but he is. I wonder later why I hug him and I knew. He was going so bad, and I thought the best thing was not to have him lose again on Affirmed should Af-

The slump maddened Cauthen a life for weeks and cost him his ride on Triple Crown winner Affirmed



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MADISON

firmly lost. Taking him off Affirmed was the hardest decision I ever made. I wanted the pressure off him and on me."

What is there about Steve Cauthen that causes such reactions? Skill, youth, strength of character? Surely all of these. "I've had a chance to watch Steve on both coasts," says trainer Elliot Burch. "and I'll never forget what I saw him go through during his slump. Hell, a lot of jockeys have gone through losing streaks as long as 110, but nobody ever heard about them. Who could handle being covered by the press for a month of losing? Nobody until Cauthen."

A few mornings after Cauthen had ended his slump, Johnny Sellers stood at trackside at Santa Anita. Sellers has won 2,797 races, and he has known the glories that go with winning a Kentucky Derby (Carry Back) and being yanked off horses when there seemed to be no reason for it. "I was the leading rider in Chicago one year," he said, "and then I went into a slump. I went 60 races without a winner. Hardly anybody was aware

of it. Boy, I knew I was in a slump, but I sure was glad no one else did.

"Mostly it's a case of being on bad horses, but sometimes you press. You zig when you should zag, and zag when you should zig. I knew only two things when I was in my slump. The first was that I wasn't doing anything wrong, the second was that I was 0 for 60. One thing about being a jock. No matter how good you are, if you go bad for just a little bit you know that Bill Shoemaker is only one phone call away."

By the end of last week Steve Cauthen was not only over his slump, but he was also drawing tremendous praise for his rides. The day after he broke the streak he rode another winner and then had a brilliant ride on a horse named Ida Delta even though she lost the \$64,650 Santa Maria Handicap to the heavily favored Grensen by a neck. On Sunday, Cauthen rode his third winner of the week.

What had Cauthen learned from going through the slump?

"Two weeks ago I was ready to quit Santa Anita and go back East and ride at Aqueduct," Cauthen said. "I didn't want to do it, but everything was going wrong. My car was packed, and I was going to stop off back home in Kentucky for a couple of days and think things out. Lenny Jagten Lenny Goodman! wanted me to go back and I thought that might be the right thing to do. I went out to the racetrack the morning after we made the decision to return to New York, and several trainers came up to me and said, 'Don't. Things will change.'"

"One of the first people to come to me was [trainer] Jack Van Berg. He sought me out and pulled me aside. He told me it would be wrong to just quit when I was going terrible. He was going bad himself at the time, but he wasn't pulling up and leaving. I decided to stay in California and see the slump end."

When he broke his slump on Father Duffy, Cauthen was asked why he brandished his whip after crossing the finish line, an unusually flamboyant gesture for this poised young man. "I've only done it once before," he said. "I did it after Affirmed won the Belmont, after we won the Triple Crown. I normally don't do things like that. I knew before I started riding that times like this would probably happen. I guess I was lucky I didn't start out with a losing streak."

"People can expect too much of anyone. I know that an awful lot is expected of me and from me because of those two great years I had. Maybe because they expect so much of me they tend to get down on me real quick. I guess that's normal, but I'm normal, too. I know that when Affirmed lost he didn't lose because I rode bad. I rode Affirmed as well as Steve Cauthen can ride him. Will I root against him in the Strub? I'll root for him until I have to ride against him. I had a couple of chances to pick up other mounts in the Strub but turned them down. I thought that was the normal thing to do." (Affirmed also broke his five-race losing streak, winning the Strub, with Pincity up, by 10 lengths over Johnny's Image.)

There are 52 jockeys riding at the Santa Anita meeting. Half of them have not found the winner's circle yet. "By the time this meeting ends," Cauthen said last week, "I intend to be in the top 10. I'll work harder than anybody. I had the attention when things were going good and the attention when things went bad. The bad is over now."

END

The mood on Father Duffy came suddenly, and when the race was over the Cauthen smile was back.





TAKING A GAMBLE ON THE FUTURE

The Western Basketball Association has franchises stretching from Tucson to Las Vegas to Montana. It's a last chance for some and the only chance for other NBA hopefuls—coaches as well as players **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Long after the game, the professional basketball players were commingling, as is their way. The visitors, some late of the Boston Celtics, the New Orleans Jazz and the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, were still dressed in the uniform of the Reno Bighorns, waiting for the van back to the motel. The home team, represented by Guard Brad Davis and his fiancée, Michelle Baylos, paused at the door of the arena. Davis, late of the Los Angeles Lakers and the Fabulous Forum but now of the Montana Sky and the C. M. Russell Fieldhouse, and Baylos were all the rage in their closely matching boots, mittens, scarves, sweaters, parkas and wool-en caps. Just the same, they were paus-

ing at the door because mere clothes might not be enough outside in Great Falls, Mont., where it was approximately 800° below zero and the grizzlies were dropping like flies.

"Hollywood to the Arctic, Hollywood to the Arctic. Right, Brad?" a Reno Bighorn called as Davis peered into the snowdrifts.

"You got it," Michelle said. "Ferrari to four-wheel drive. L.A. to nowhere. Great Falls? This isn't a town. This is a jail term."

Actually it was not a jail term, either, but simply the end of another wonderful evening in the WBA, which is not to be confused with the NBA or even the

ASPCA, although sometimes you can't tell the woofers without a program. WBA stands for Western Basketball Association, the newest and most ambitious of the minor leagues to spring up around the National Basketball Association.

Wait a minute, a person of reasonable sanity might exclaim. The NBA isn't that the league that is losing spectators, losing TV ratings, losing interest, losing, losing, losing and just held an all-star game without Bernard King for goodness sakes? Right. And now, there's a minor league just like it? Right again. Only the WBA has it all over the NBA in bizarreness. Bush-league NBA beginnings? Chicken feed. The WBA wasn't one game

Last Wednesday, after Speed had canceled the Dealers' game with the Washington Lumberjacks, the team went ahead and played anyway under the league's guardianship, charged no admission, won 126-125 and drew 250 people despite a sudden snowstorm that closed everything in Las Vegas except Wayne Newton's mouth.

Then on Friday, Panama Bill huddled with WBA President Neil Christensen under a keno scoreboard in a hotel coffee shop to discuss a possible investment. That night, for a game against Reno, Huffaker, the public defender, took over the PA duties, announced the 24-second countdowns in lieu of a shot clock (which Speed kept) and then used the mike to introduce buscon cheerleaders, infant ball boys, puzzled journalists and practically everybody else in the "crowd" who was breathing. Afterward, President Christensen went on the radio and culled the WBA "the second-greatest league in the entire world."

Bulldozery, naivete and attendance figures aside, in just a few short months the WBA has done what its executive di-

rector, Larry Cregar, says it set out to do, namely, "position itself in the market." Not as a rival of the NBA, thank heaven. Not even as a new ABA—although the league has revived the old three-point basket and no-foul-out rule. "We're a bare step down from the NBA," says Cregar, a former assistant coach in both the NBA and ABA.

What this means is that the WBA, which has a 60-game schedule and seven franchises—Tucson, Salt Lake City, Fresno and the Washington state tri-cities of Richland, Kennewick and Pisco, in addition to Las Vegas, Reno and Great Falls—already has established itself as the NBA's most valid farm system. It is a place where draft failures and fringe veterans together with spot- and role-players can hone their skills in an atmosphere of good coaching, suitable airplane travel, respectable lodgings and regular paychecks. Then on those numerous occasions when an NBA team loses a player to injury, dog bites or airsickness, a general manager can pluck a replacement from a WBA team.

This is what the Phoenix Suns did to

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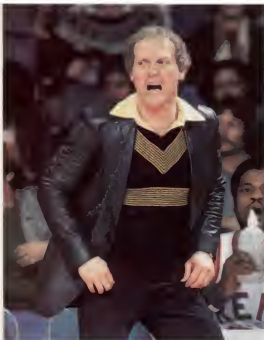
Montana is Big Sky country and for aboriginal Garry Russell, 34, there's never a cloud in sight.



The Reno Bighorns, one of the WBA powers, are also big deals at a Las Vegas blackjack table.

old when Billy Martin, who was in Reno to pump up attendance for the Bighorns' opener, instead pumped up his famous right fist and attacked a sportswriter. Instant notoriety.

NBA coach quits at midseason? Nothin' WBA players quit at halftime. What about that NBA corporate fiasco starring Roy Boe? Why, compared to the WBA guys, he's merely a low-class bungler. Last week in the WBA, James Speed, a 6'7" blind man who originally owned the Las Vegas Dealers, terminated his involvement, folding the Dealers, in a manner of speaking, whereupon the league quickly came up with some "potential" new corporate blood, including Steve Huffaker, the Clark County assistant public defender, and "Panama Bill" Armstrong, who wears a Panama hat. Don't ask why.



Coaches have their aspirations, too: Reno's Bill Musselman is looking for a trip back to the bigs

WESTERN LEAGUE continued

obtain Ted McClain from Reno; what the Denver Nuggets did to obtain John Kuester, also from Reno; what the San Diego Clippers did to get John Olive from Tucson; and what the Milwaukee Bucks did two weeks ago when they needed a shooting guard to fill in for injured Brian Winters. They went straight to the Utah Prospects for the WBA's leading scorer, Sudden Sam Smith.

In Sudden Sam's first NBA game, in Los Angeles, he unleashed a quarter-ending, lunging, leaping, 45-foot shot from the side—a WBA specialty—which banked off the glass and through the hoop just as Smith's face was embedding itself in the Forum floorboards. After they scraped Sudden Sam off the court, Laker play-by-play man Chick Hearn roared, "Well, fans, now we know why they call him Sudden Sam."

Since the 1976 merger and before the WBA, the only options for players like

these were to play in Europe (and inevitably become lost or abandoned) or to go to the Continental Association, which is nothing but the old Eastern League (plus the Anchorage Northern Knights), basically a part-time, weekend endeavor, although the schedule includes some midweek games this season.

Reno Center Clint Chapman, formerly of Southern Cal, who recently played for the Rochester Zeniths of the Continental Association, says there is no comparison between the two leagues. "You don't feel like a professional there," he says. "We traveled six to 10 hours in a Winnebago and sometimes dressed in it. There's not much hope, nothing to point to. This league is so much more pro. There's more NBA scouts out here. I mean, scouts would rather go to Vegas than to Allentown, you know what I'm saying? When that wind started whipping off the Atlantic Ocean in Rochester, I was gone."

Chapman's unique sense of geography must have come in handy when the Big-horns began a WBA-style, three-day road trip by flying from Reno to Great Falls by way of Seattle, Spokane and Kalispell, Mont., a six-hour trek. Upon arrival, Chapman refused to admit Great Falls was colder than Rochester, possibly because he never left his motel room, which was rumored to have a marvelous view of the Pacific. For whatever reasons, in Reno's 108-104 victory, Chapman went scoreless for what he said was "the first time, lifetime."

In Great Falls who should turn up firing jumpers from a nearby ice floe but Cuzzie Russell, the ex-Knicks, ex-Laker, ex-Warrior, ex-Buff and current all-around ageless wonder now performing for the Montana Sky. Russell, who is actually only 34, scored 17 points in a losing cause and said, "It's cool. The people are astounded by me being here. They think I'm doing them a favor. But I'm loving it. The game's in my blood. I don't want to be put out to pasture. When Red Holzman got the Knick job, I had visions of winding up my career in the Big Apple. But if I don't get back up top, that's cool, too. This league is a real trip. To go home to L.A. from here, my flight originates in Canada."

When Russell signed up for the Sky at a \$10,000 salary—the league limits team payrolls to \$82,000—he gave the WBA instant identity. Yet there are more than 20 younger players in the league who also have been in the NBA at one time or another. Some—like McClain—have come and gone back up. Others—like Derrek Dickey—have come and disappeared. (Shortly after Dickey quit the Big-horns he won \$23,000 for a third-place finish in a racquetball tournament. Now he's helping his wife, who is running a beauty salon.)

The Reno team alone has undergone 21 player changes while hanging up a 24-14 record, testimony to Coach Bill Musselman's stable leadership, defensive teachings and passing-game offense, which has tended at times to dominate a league overpopulated by perimeter gunners—Tucson's Herb Brown, Fresno's Bucky Buckwalter and Las Vegas' Larry Jones are other capable WBA coaches who have sampled life in the bigs and want back in.

Musselman, the former University of Minnesota head man who took early re-

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turement when he resigned as coach of the Virginia ABA franchise three years ago, returned from a life of leisure, he says, simply because "I missed coaching and being with the players." However, his intensity on the bench and the ability to motivate hardly conceal a fiery desire to prove himself at a higher level. Matured both in his on- and off-court attitudes, Musselman seems less uptight, more cordial, and resigned to the frustrations of coaching. "This is an easy job because everybody is hungry; I trust these guys," Musselman says.

Because of Musselman's newfound tranquility, the Reno club has escaped the problems present on other squads, where NBA egos have clashed with WBA realities. For instance, Utah's Bruce Seals (ex-Seattle Sonics) confronted Coach Dick Nemeika at halftime when he felt he wasn't getting enough playing time. Seals: "If you don't play me, I'm going home." Nemeika: "Bye, bye." Plagued by the same thoughts and instructed to take an end-of-the-half shot, Fresno's Tony Robertson (ex-Atlanta) instead placed the ball on the floor, walked away and let time expire. "I couldn't get it off," said Robertson, who is known to have gotten them off cross-country when he was so unwell. Robertson was suspended for several weeks.

"We see a lot of players in street clothes after halftime," Musselman says.

Though vaguely familiar names dot the rosters of the WBA, what the league aspires to be is a showcase for the young and unknown who need just a bit of seasoning to make it in the big time. Center Jeff Cook and Forward Walter Jordan of Washington, forwards Jackie Robinson and Stan Rome of Las Vegas, guards Glen Williams of Tucson, Duck Williams of Reno and Davis of Great Falls are such players. And so is Reno's Randy Ayers, a 6' 6" rookie out of Miami of Ohio, who may be the most fundamentally sound player in the league.

After helping Miami to its stunning upset of Marquette in last year's NCAA tournament and being drafted in the third round by the Chicago Bulls, Ayers was cut. "You will never show me a 10th or 11th man in the NBA who does all the things this kid can do," says Musselman. "He's strong, tough, quick, unselfish, plays solid D, works hard and is a dream to coach. I can't believe nobody can use him up there." In three games last week

Ayers made 32 of 60 shots, scored 72 points and added a bushel of rebounds and assists. Included was a 28-point tango all over the warren visage of the semi-jazzy Cuzzie.

"This league is a right-time, right-place deal for me," Ayers says. "We all feel we're just a step away. We look at every NBA team and wonder why some guys are where they are. When Sudden Sam or somebody else gets called up, it gives everybody hope that he'll be next. That's why we play hard every night."

This is another measure of the WBA—48 minutes of intensity. Reno's Gus Bailey, a veteran of two NBA teams, Houston and New Orleans, says, "Everyone knows the superstars in the NBA wait till the fourth quarter to play. We go all-out from the tip-off to the final gun. What it's all about is opportunity."

Possibly it is the fault of the weather, but the opportunities in Montana seem to be wasted more often than not.

Just after halftime of Montana's very first game, Center Edmund Lawrence stood on the sideline gazing into the stands and drinking a soda pop. This would have been peculiar enough, but unbeknownst to Lawrence the game was well under way and he was supposed to be playing in it. Sky Coach Bill Klucas had to scream at Lawrence three times before he would run onto the floor. Needless to say, Lawrence was soon gone. After the Sky got off to a 3-17 start, however, so was Klucas. Montana co-owner Al Donohue, in the absence of co-owner Charley Pride—yes, that Charley Pride, of *Kiss an Angel Good Mornin'* country-and-western hit record fame—fired Klucas and brought in Rex Hughes, Lucky Hughes.

Last week, during a game against Utah, Hughes heard some unmerciful razzing. When he peered down the bench he discovered it had come from one of his own players, Ray Epps. As the team walked off at halftime, Hughes inquired of Epps what the story was, and the two proceeded to push and jostle one another. Before or after Epps could get off a punch—eyewitness reports were shaky at best—Hughes suspended him on the spot. Upon hearing this, Pride, who was presumed to be closely following his team's progress from the fairways of the Bing Crosby Pro-Am, must have felt as if he had kissed a frog good evenin'. Or been punched by Billy Martin.

END

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THE RUSSIANS

To the street-hockey player in South Philadelphia and the rink rat in Duluth, the names Kharlamov, Petrov, Mikhailov and Tretiak roll off the tongue almost as easily as Lafleur and Clarke, Trotter and Dryden. They are the veteran stars of the Soviet Union's national team, perennial champion of the amateur world, and they are currently on display at Madison Square Garden against the NHL All-Stars in the three-game Challenge Cup. It is the first such confrontation since 1972, when the NHL defeated the Soviets on Paul Henderson's goal in the final minute of the final game of an eight-game series. "We underestimated the Soviets before the last series," says one NHL official. "Now we know. If we lose this series, we might as well cancel the rest of our season and give them the Stanley Cup."

HAVE COME

Forward Valery Kharlamov bundles his daughter Begonia against Moscow's winter.





Moscow is the home base for most of the members of the national team. Clockwise from top left, Chief Coach Viktor Tikhonov is a workaholic whose "only hobby is hockey"; Team Captain Boris Mikhailov, stopping off in Red Square, plays right wing

on the Kharlamov-Petrov line that riddled the NHL in 1972. Valery Vasiliev is the most rugged defenseman, Sergei Kapustin, helping his wife Tanya with the dishes, was heralded as "the next Kharlamov" in 1972 but didn't become a star of the first rank

until last season, the national team's official photo, taken during the recent Izvestia Cup tournament, and Sergei Makarov (left) and Helmut Bender, the speediest of the young Soviet forwards, relax between practices at the Central Army Club's sports complex.



continued



SHOWDOWN AT THE SUMMIT

by E. M. SWIFT

Canadian hockey, which was until recently like a mystery hidden behind seven locks, has been unmasked by us. We can understand its traditions, its excessively rough nature. We have found its weak points, and I like to think that on occasion we have taken advantage of those weak points rather well.

from THE HOCKEY I LOVE
BY VLADISLAV TRETIAK

Few people doubted that the North American pros would win the 1972 NHL-U.S.S.R. series eight games to none. One Canadian columnist offered to eat his article if the Soviets so much as scored a goal. (He did, in broth.) Jacques Plante, the father of the face mask, was so concerned about young Tretiak, then 20, being thrown to the NHL wolves that before the first game he went into the Soviet locker room and counseled the goaltender on how to play against Phil Esposito, Vic Hadfield, Frank Mahovlich et al.

Tretiak thanked Plante, then went out and allowed two goals to the NHL stars in the first seven minutes of play. The rout was on. Only it was the Soviets who did the routing. They left the Montreal Forum that night with a 7-3 win, and

Tretiak, the world's top goalie, handles pucks as easily as he handles his daughter Dasha

the hitherto prepotent world of Canadian hockey was shaken.

The NHL eventually came back to win the series 4-3-1, but the victory was strictly Pyrrhic. The seven locks had been opened, and behind the door was a sport caught with its pants down.

The Soviets had taken Canada's national pastime—hockey—and developed it into their own art form. While slap shots and curved sticks had taken the NHL in one direction, speed and team play had led the U.S.S.R. in another. The newcomers pioneered off-ice conditioning programs. They borrowed strategies from soccer, like passing the puck to an open area of the ice and letting a teammate skate it down. They shunned the spectacular but inefficient slap shot in favor of short, quick passes leading to a single high-percentage shot—making the player without the puck the most dangerous man on the ice.

And now they meet again. It is mid-season, the NHL players are in shape, the games are in an NHL rink, and two of the three contests—the first and third—will be refereed by an NHL official. In short, if the NHL loses its own Challenge Cup, no one will be listening to excuses or disclaimers. And the precious Stanley Cup will be viewed as a trinket squabbled over by also-rans.

Tretiak is 26 now, the finest goaltender in the world and one of seven holdovers from the '72 Soviet team. The exciting line of Boris Mikhailov, Vladimir Petrov and Valery Kharlamov also returns for this series and will be in the fore of the Russian attack, as it was in 1972. Kharlamov describes his personal theory of the game by saying, "I love to play beautiful hockey." And he does. A left wing, Kharlamov will line up opposite Right Wing Guy Lafleur in the opening game, and there will stand the two most brilliant players in the sport.

The Soviet system is patterned on speed, and speed goes with youth. The best of the new Soviet forwards are 20-year-old Wing Sergei Mikharov and the "next" Kharlamov—Helmut Balders, a 26-year-old right wing from Riga. Balders, who plays for Moscow's Central Army Club, will be skating on a line with the Golikov brothers—Vladimir and Al-

exander—from Moscow Dynamo. Mikharov will be working with Center Viktor Zhukov and Sergei Kapustin, his regular linemates on the Central Army Club—the Montreal Canadiens of Soviet hockey.

The areas the Soviets have particularly worked to improve since 1972 are face-offs and getting their defensemen to play more offensively. Soviet defensemen no longer hesitate to shoot from the blue line. At the same time, they also are tougher around their own net; in this series NHL forwards will not be able to set up tight housekeeping in front of Tretiak the way Phil Esposito did in 1972. This new breed of defenseman is best represented by 20-year-old Sergei Starikov, captain of last year's world champion Soviet Junior Selects. Starikov is fast, a punishing checker, and moves the puck out of his own zone well. He is the Soviet Larry Robinson.

There will be two keys to the series. First, the Soviet power play, led by the Kharlamov line, is so devastating that the NHL players must stay out of the penalty box. The second is more interesting. It is based on a fundamental difference in philosophy between the two teams. The Soviets believe in puck control—you cannot score if we have it. The NHL believes in territorial advantage—you cannot score from your own end.

Shooting the puck into the corners and then chasing after it, a common offensive tactic in North America where the rinks are smaller, is almost never employed by the Soviets. If the NHL can forecheck effectively, it will probably win. But the Soviets have been practicing on rinks that have had the corners rounded to more closely resemble Madison Square Garden's, where there is little room to maneuver behind the net. If the Soviets can break out of their zone consistently, their superior passing game and overall team speed may prove too much for the NHL to handle.

This would leave the NHL to ponder the road it has chosen and the words that Tretiak wrote in his autobiography: "The games with the professionals, regardless of the cost, are undoubtedly good for hockey ... [which] like every other living thing, can develop only through struggle."

END



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD

MAN DOWN

At least not featherweight champion Little Red Lopez, who goes on the warpath every time he hits the deck
by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

The first thing you look for on the kid is a bulge, or a bump, or something that might look vaguely like a muscle. What you find instead is a body built like a mailman's arches. The guy doesn't even have knobby knees, and the only things skinnier than his legs are his arms. It just doesn't seem right. If Danny (Little Red) Lopez were not the WBC featherweight champion of the world, you would probably call him scrawny, even if you wouldn't say it to his face.

Not that there is a rule that says all boxers have to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Sandy Saddler, who was the featherweight champ off and on from 1948 to 1957, was built to have sand kicked in his face. There is also no rule that equates physique with power. Saddler knocked out 103 of 162 opponents, and Lopez may well be one of the hardest hitters in the game. "Pound for pound, Danny is the hardest puncher in all of boxing today," says Don Chargin, the veteran matchmaker at Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium. Lopez has 39 victories in 42 fights, 36 of them by knockout. Even more remarkable is his ability to absorb punishment. By his own manager's estimate, Little Red has been knocked down in as many as a dozen fights—and then has gotten up and knocked out his opponent.

The hoary "pound for pound" claim is admittedly impossible to prove. For one thing, 126-pound featherweights and 220-pound heavyweights never get into the ring together. World lightweight champion Roberto Duran, he of the fabled stone hands, has knocked out 79.6% of his opponents compared with 85.7% for Lopez. Bantamweight champ Carlos Zarate has knocked out 52 opponents in 53 fights, but it has been suggested that Zarate has fudged his record on an assortment of adagio dancers and tamale makers. "A lot of the experts rate Danny as the third or fourth all-time greatest

puncher—based on knockouts—and he ain't finished yet," says Bennie Georgino, Lopez' manager and trainer. "He don't fight stiffly off the street the way Zarate does. Danny fights legitimate challengers, and he sends 'em to the hospital."

Lopez first began picking them off to the wards in 1971 at the Olympic, the venerable downtown boxing cathedral that sits beside the San Bernardino Freeway like some squat stucco troll. The Olympic is a sanctuary for the hundreds of peppercorn Latin fighters who come out of the Los Angeles barrios. After a good fight at the Olympic, coins rain down on the ring from the stands, and both the victor and the vanquished kneel to retrieve their tribute. These are boxing's little guys, and in this country Danny Lopez is their proud little monarch.

It didn't take Lopez long to build his following. By his 11th professional fight he was already so popular that the Olympic sold out its 10,000 seats in one day, and had to turn away 5,000 more customers at the door. Lopez has always been a favorite of the Latin fight fans, many of whom may have mistakenly assumed because of his name that he is of Mexican descent. More than that, however, his popularity derives from his toe-to-toe slugging style.

"The little guys are the great fighters," says Georgino, who handles six fighters, all in the lighter weight classes. "They punch fast, hit hard," he says. "The heavyweights don't do that; usually they give you the worst show. People in these

local arenas love the little guys, but the TV networks don't understand that."

Georgino first saw Lopez fight as a 16-year-old amateur in Las Vegas, and even then Bennie's brother, the late Al Georgino, could see the kid had potential. "Danny was just a puny 115-pounder then," Bennie says, "but Al could see something in him nobody else could see, that someday he was going to be a champion." Then as now, the big punch and the revolving-door defense set Lopez apart, and if the refinement of his boxing skills at age 26 is any indication, he must have been a total brawler at 16.

One of seven brothers and sisters, Lopez grew up on a Ute Indian reservation in Fort Duquesne, Utah. His father, who left home when Lopez was young, was a Mission Indian from northern California. Lopez' maternal grandmother was three-quarters Ute, and his maternal grandfather was part Irish.

The family lived in a two-bedroom shack with only a wood-burning stove to stave off the cold of the Utah winters. Danny hunted rabbits and other small game with a bow and arrow (Hollywood, are you listening?); with only a government welfare check to be spread eight ways, rabbit meat was often a luxury. "I remember eating mostly powdered eggs," Lopez says. "My sister Carol and I used to eat sugar sandwiches. We thought that was a great delicacy."

When his mother could no longer afford to support the family, she was forced to place several of her children in foster homes. Along with his brother Larry and Carol, Danny went to a family named Moon in Jensen, Utah. The Moons eventually adopted him legally, so from the time he was eight until he was 13, Little Red Lopez was legally Danny Moon. Later he would have his name changed back to Lopez.

Life was seldom peaceful for Danny, and sometimes it was downright harrow-

continued



After being downed again, the up-and-coming Lopez knocked out Juan Hernandez (above), then went back to his guitar and his low-key life style.



ing. When he was 13, he was confronted in a shattering way with the dark side of the Moons. The Moons' son-in-law had beaten him severely for a trifling offense, and during a subsequent argument with Mrs. Moon, Danny heard his foster mother tell Larry to go fetch her son-in-law. Danny raced upstairs and pulled out a .22-caliber rifle, then announced that if the son-in-law came up after him there would be trouble. "I didn't have any shells in the gun," Danny says, "and my brother never went to get Mrs. Moon's son-in-law, so I never actually held the gun on anybody."

Mrs. Moon did call the cops, however, and the next day Danny was arrested for assault and battery. "They put me in jail for a month with a lot of older criminals," he says. "They showed my food in through a hole in the door. It really began working on my mind, and I started to hear voices." Eventually, the charges were dropped, but by that time Lopez had become so embittered toward the Moons that he decided he could never go back to live with them, and moved in with an aunt and uncle on the reservation. Lopez has had a change of heart; he now considers the Moons to be his parents, and has even paid to fly them in to some of his fights.

Life did not go a great deal more smoothly for Lopez when he was living with his aunt and uncle, who tried to forcibly convert him from Mormonism to the Jehovah's Witnesses. Not surprisingly, Lopez was becoming slightly rebellious and soon began to get into trouble. "When I was in junior high everybody thought I was pretty tough even though I didn't weigh much," he says. "I started hanging around with all the mean guys. We'd get an old Indian to buy us some beer, then we'd go get drunk and cause trouble."

Once, after a street fight, he was hauled into court and told that if he were caught fighting again he wouldn't be allowed to box as an amateur in the town of Orem anymore. When word went out that Lopez was on probation, a local tough tried to take advantage of the situation by socking him in the face. "Before I knew what I was doing, I had hauled off and broken the guy's nose," Lopez says. Luckily, a friendly teacher happened by and got Lopez away from his stunned victim before the police arrived. "I guess I

was a little hard to get along with in my younger days," he says.

Even between fights Lopez doesn't weigh much more than 130 pounds, but he walks thickly, his feet set apart and his shoulders rocking from side to side. His head is wedge-shaped, like the head of a tomahawk, and his face is lightly but earnestly freckled. Lopez' hair is more than just a little red and he parts it down the middle, like Mickey Walker, ex-middleweight champ. Lopez looks less like an Indian than the guy the cavalry used to send out to scout for Indians. When he vouchsafes one of his three-word speeches, he dishes it up tenderly, smiles as if he's not sure he's glad he said anything, then nods his head once or twice as if to leave a couple of emphatic ellipses hanging in the air.

Lopez loves like a little guy, even though Georgino says his fighter earned more than half a million dollars in 1978. There is a little house in San Gabriel Valley, a little wife and three little sons. Danny even drives a 1977 Mustang, and has somehow resisted the most basic California extravagance, a vanity license plate. The only big thing on the premises is the trophy head of a six-point elk he shot last year in Colorado.

There are almost no marks on Lopez' face, which is astonishing in view of his style. "You look at his features," says Georgino. "He's had 42 pro fights, but his face ain't that messed up." Even Danny's hands are fragile-looking; like clouds, they seem wispy and frail, but within them lies the Lopez thunder. There is a small scar on the inside of his right index finger; it was operated on to remove bone chips after he won the title from David Kotey in Ghana in 1976. Some of Little Red's later victims have reason enough to believe the surgeon left his scalpel in the hand.

Lopez' victory over Kotey was remarkable in several respects, not the least of which was that it was the only time in his career he had gone 15 rounds. He had arrived in Accra, the capital of Ghana, two weeks before the fight, and was immediately dumped into a creaky old hotel with no hot running water, despite the fact that there were several first-class tourist hotels available. Lopez' manager at that time was Howie Steindler, but Steindler was ordered not to make the trip by his doctors, who feared it might

bring about another heart attack. Cast almost totally adrift, Lopez trained four rounds a day in the tropical heat, suffered all the intestinal indignities inflicted upon visitors unaccustomed to African fare, and received subtle pressure from his hosts. Shortly before the fight, Ghana's president, General Ignatius Acheampong, told him, "You will not leave Ghana with our title."

"He wasn't fooling around, either," says Lopez. "I just told him, 'We'll see.'"

Lopez had Koezy in trouble at several points during the fight, but each time he did, the Ghanaian timekeeper rang the bell, allowing Koezy time to recover. "Some U.S. Marines who were stationed over there made videotapes of the fight and sent them to me," says Lopez. "I timed the rounds, and every time Koezy was about to go down, that round would be shorter than it was supposed to be. One round was only two minutes long."

Nonetheless, Lopez won the title. It took nearly two days for the word to get back to Steindler in Los Angeles that his fighter was the world champion. Steindler, who was 72, had wasted 55 years to have a champion, but he never got to see Lopez defend his title. On March 10, 1977, four months after the Koezy fight, Steindler was kidnapped, beaten and smothered to death, then left in his car on the Ventura Freeway. Lopez heard of Steindler's death at 1 a.m. after the body was discovered by the police.

"At about six o'clock the same morning I got a phone call from a guy who I had thought was my friend," he says. "He said it was terrible what had happened to Howie and all, but that before I talked to anybody else about managing me, he would like me to consider him. I got a lot of calls like that before Howie was even in the ground."

Lopez turned to Georgino, a longtime L.A. fight fan and bail bondsman. Georgino at first hesitated to take on any responsibility that might keep him from flying to the Wednesday night fights in Las Vegas, but he finally relented. He has worked with Lopez on his defense to the point where the champ occasionally ducks a punch.

"In all the years I've been in boxing I've never seen anybody who could knock somebody out with a left hook, a left jab or a right hand the way Danny can," Georgino says. "I've seen him when I

would have sworn he just tapped a guy on the chin and—boom!—the guy went down like he'd been shot dead. You can't teach that."

Still, Georgino can't help but be troubled by Lopez's willingness to let a lot of people pound on his face. Among the luminaries who have done the above is one Misano Toyoshima, who was then the No. 1 man in Japan. In 1974, he had Lopez out on his feet in the third round. Rubber-legged and seemingly barely conscious, Lopez somehow contrived to knock out Toyoshima in the same round.

"Danny don't go into the ring thinking he's going to get hit," insists Georgino, "but there's something within him that you have to wake up somehow before he gets mad enough to fight back. That's why he has to get knocked around for a while before he knows he's in a fight. It's almost as if he needed a slap in the face to wake him up. And if that's what it takes, I may slap him."

It has also been suggested, as a less obvious measure, that Lopez should spar two or three wakeup rounds in his dressing room before going out to do battle. It has now been four months since his last fight, in which Juan Malvarez knocked him down in the first round and staggered him again in the second. Typically, Lopez rallied to knock out his man in the same round. Two weeks ago Lopez began serious training for a March 10 title defense in Salt Lake City against the WBC's No. 2-ranked featherweight, Roberto Castanon of Spain. The serious training includes sneaking away occasionally to the mountains for a bit of skiing. Needless to say, this does not thrill Georgino. "Every time he gets on those skis, I can just see the money flying away," he says. Still, Lopez is one of those rare creatures who trains diligently; he honestly loves gymnasiums.

"Sometimes I'll get Danny a workout in the gym with guys nowhere near him in ability—real amateurs—and they'll knock him around for a while," Georgino says. "Eventually he'll wake up and pound on 'em, but even then he'll come back to the corner and ask me if he's being too rough on a guy." Georgino is puzzled by this temperamental law. "Sometimes the kid's just too nice for his own good," he says. And almost all of the time he's too good for the good of his opponents.

END

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SOCCER GOES NETWORK—WITH A FEW BREAKS IN THE ACTION

Come April 7, soccer hopes to make its Great Leap Forward as a major sport offered on U.S. television. Well, if not exactly a leap, a significant hop. The campaign will start with a one-hour special to open the season, followed by nine live broadcasts of North American Soccer League games by ABC-TV. The network has paid the league, whose officials have long expressed an eagerness to mass-market the game, approximately \$1.5 million for the rights to broadcast the games for two years. Both ABC-TV and the NASL are aware of the fact that, so far as tradition is involved, soccer may never be the same.

Soccer presents an unusual problem for a commercial network, as CBS discovered back in 1967 when it carried several games. Soccer is a game of continuous play, with breaks only for halftime and injuries, and such continuity hardly lends itself to the TV-dictated time-out. Yet the NASL already has indicated that it will not alter the rules on non-stop play, there will be no network man on hand to signal a commercial, as in football, basketball and hockey telecasts.

How does ABC propose to meet this commercial challenge?

- By appointing a designated invalid on each team to fake an injury when it's time to sell beer and automobiles? No, bad public relations if the viewers were to find out. Besides, the NASL has made it clear that it wouldn't go for such chicanery.

- By over-commercializing before and after the game and at halftime? No, ABC has other plans for that time, as we shall see.
- By sliding much smaller—let's say, 10-second—commercials into the action and reducing the chance of missing anything significant on the field? No, not enough time to please sponsors whose advertising is built around 30- and 60-second spots.
- By superimposing commercials in a corner of the screen over the action, as one local network tried with Dr Pepper? Well,

maybe, according to ABC and the NASL. But again, the advertisers would have to revise their pitches.

ABC's solution will most likely be to do what CBS did and what most local networks and production companies do when they telecast soccer: work 30-second commercials into the flow of the game. In official ABC language, "The commercials will be attuned to the rhythms of the game."

"We hope that we don't miss too many significant goals," says Jim Spence, senior vice-president of ABC Sports. "If and when we do, we'll show them as soon as possible on replay. Sure, we'll listen to what the NASL has to say about cutting away and other technical advice. But it will be our people in the booth making the decisions."

To soccer fans, this is hardly a satisfactory solution, but it seems they will have to live with it. Last year, apparently in anticipation of the network contract, the NASL public-relations office kept tabs on the number of goals missed by Marvin Sugarman Productions, a New York-based company that taped and distributed 130 NASL games across the country. According to the NASL, Sugarman had a very low what might be called GVAADS—Goals the Viewing Audience Did Not See.

"In 143 games, we missed only five goals," says Lou Tyrrell, executive producer at Sugarman, "and only four because of commercials. In the other, a director screwed up."

While ABC and the NASL may think this sounds comforting, to the soccer purist a low GVAADS—nay, a zero GVAADS—is no guarantee of success. Although ABC says it plans to do most of its cutting away during injuries or on goaler locks, the game will be interrupted. Try selling a horse-racing fan that the start of the race isn't important as long as we see the finish, or a basketball fan that the way one team breaks a full-court press isn't important as long as we see the shot. To purists, any interruption is irritating.

Commercial stations televising soccer in most European countries—where interruption of a game could precipitate a revolution—place all their commercials before and after the game and at halftime. This would seem to be the most logical course for ABC, a chance to break new ground in the pursuit of "pure-sport" broadcasts. But the network has other plans for that dead time.

"What we have to do is personalize the coverage," says Spence. "We hope to identify the stars and let the public meet them. At halftime, we hope to do profiles, what we call Up Close and Personal." Along with this approach it appears that ABC is leaning toward a name broadcaster like Howard Cosell rather than a soccer expert.

"The league would like Cosell involved," says Spence. "They made that very clear." NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam says, "Howard was the first one to pick up on the soccer boom, and he's been very positive toward us. Sure, he'd add prestige. That's what we're looking for."

Other possibilities are Jim McKay, who probably knows no less about soccer than he knows about other sports but has managed to cultivate a kind of all-round-expert voice from his years on *Wide World of Sports*, and Ken Jackson, who is smooth and far less objectionable to most people than Cosell or McKay. "Our principal announcers are extremely well known," says Spence. "And, to a certain degree, viewers do watch because they're involved. That's just a fact. We've got to enlighten and entertain."

Well, if this is what the NASL wants... They say that to get something you've got to give something up. It remains to be seen if the NASL is willing to trade the integrity of its product for a few Nielsen points. **END**

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It's not a lone star state

The Longhorns and Aggies are tied for first in the SWC, mainly because of a forward who's better than he thinks he is and a center who may be as good as he says he is

When Tyrone Branyan graduated from high school four years ago, he was all but ignored by the country's major-college recruiters. When Rudy Woods graduated last spring, he was all but surrounded. Yet last week these two very different players had one very similar distinction. Branyan's Texas Longhorns and Woods' Texas A&M Aggies were tied for the Southwest Conference lead, and they were the most important reasons why.

Another pretty big reason was Sidney Moncrief, whose 23 points led Arkansas to a 68-58 upset at Texas last Thursday night. That loss dropped the Longhorns into a tie with the Aggies and lifted the Razorbacks to within 1½ games of the top. The race remained that way on Saturday when Texas defeated TCU 73-60, A&M beat Houston 66-58, and Arkansas steamed Rice 68-50.

Texas lost just when the Longhorns, who had won eight straight games after a shaky start, appeared ready to stampede the rest of the league. Instead, they have now learned a lesson that most other conference favorites had already painfully absorbed in this most topsy-turvy season—it ain't going to be easy. Or, maybe, it just ain't going to be. With its three-team race, the Southwest Conference joins the SEC, the Pac 10, the Big Eight and the Big Ten as leagues in which the preseason favorite has no clear advantage or has disappeared from sight. Among the biggest basketball conferences, only the ACC, in which Duke is more comfortably in control than its half-game lead might indicate, and the Metro, in which Louisville is enjoying a runaway, are holding true to form.

At least the Longhorns are tied for first, which is more than Michigan State (which was supposed to be a cinch to repeat as Big Ten champ), or Kansas (the heavy preseason choice in the Big Eight), can say. And Texas can thank Branyan for its semi-lofty status. The 6' 7" senior forward does not run fast or jump high or shoot in the accepted manner, and he is so unassuming that he says he cannot imagine starting for any of the nation's other top teams. Nevertheless, he is

averaging 18.2 points and 7.4 rebounds and has been the only consistent performer during Texas' 16-5 season.

Woods, a talkative 6' 11" freshman center, has all the physical attributes a good player could ever need and most of the confidence, too. He flat out maintains that nobody can stop him man-to-man. Though he got off to a disappointing start this season, Woods is playing superb defense and averaging 15 points and 9.2 rebounds for the 20-4 Aggies.

Although the two players may be off in their self-appraisals, Branyan's modesty and Wood's brashness accurately reflect their differing personalities. Branyan plays a lot better than he looks, and Woods does not play as well as he eventually will. But there is no denying the significant contribution each has made to his team's 9-2 conference record.

Last year, when Texas tied for the SWC title and won the NIT, Branyan played a supporting role of almost comic relief. This season, while the heroes of a year ago faltered, he all but carried the team through a shaky December and was the dominant force in impressive January blowouts of USC and A&M.

Without Woods to fill the middle, the Aggies struggled to a 12-15 record last season, their worst in seven years. Now that they have already won 20 games, Woods says, "I was the missing piece we needed. When I got here there was a lot of pressure on me to put the team where it is now."

Branyan and Woods arrived in the Southwest Conference by decidedly diverse routes. Texas Coach Abe Lemons took Branyan without ever having seen him play, which may have been to Lemons'

advantage. A&M Coach Shelby Metcalf had known Woods for years. Metcalf's wife Janis taught Rudy's siblings in junior high school, and Woods would occasionally hang around the Aggie gym as a kid. In fact, his high school is so close to the A&M campus that Metcalf can see it from the window of his eighth-floor office.

Lemons probably would never have seen—or even heard of—Branyan had it not been for George Brewer, a friend of Tyrone's father and a former football

continued



Off the floor, but just barely, the unprepossessing Branyan launches his unorthodox non-jumper

teammate of Texas Athletic Director Durrell Royal. When Branyan was a sophomore at Cypress Junior College in California, Brewer wrote Royal about him, and Royal passed the letter on to Lemons. Abe had never heard of Branyan, but the letter sounded so interesting he sought out a more detailed evaluation from Tyrone's junior-college coach. Lemons liked the coach's report enough that he decided to give Branyan a scholarship sight unseen. Only then did he dispatch Assistant Coach Barry Dowd to check him out.

After watching Branyan play in a junior-college tournament, Dowd called Lemons and said, "Picture a guy who can't jump, can't run and shoots funny. Now picture him with 24 points, 17 rebounds and the Most Valuable Player trophy in the championship game."

Lemons was overjoyed—until he actually saw Branyan himself the next fall. As is his custom, Branyan was in poor shape when he showed up for preseason workouts, and he was anything but impressive on the practice floor. When he got a chance to play, Lemons says, "People were aghast." However, by the second conference game Branyan was a starter, and he finished the year with respectable averages of 12.8 points and 5.7 rebounds. "If Tyrone could jump up and spin around twice and then score," says Lemons, "everybody would ooh and aah. But he isn't that kind of player. He's exceeded my expectations by about a million."

The oddest thing about Branyan is the way he shoots his jump shot—off his chest. The best thing about him is the way his teams always win. He led El Dorado High in Placentia, Calif., to two CIF Southern Section titles, and he paced Cypress to the state junior-college championship. With all of this in his favor, he was not completely overlooked by recruiters. Cal State-Fullerton wanted him, and several black colleges contacted him, apparently because his name seems so, well, soulful.

Unlike Branyan, Woods received letters from just about every school. No wonder. He was good enough to win the MVP award in two of the biggest schoolboy all-star games, the McDonald's Capital Classic in Washington and the Big Brothers Classic in Houston. He was also on the gold-medal-winning South team at the National Sports Festival. He finally decided to stay home

and be an Aggie, turning down, he claims, some eye-popping offers in the process. "I didn't want to feel owned," he says. "A few schools made it clear that if I came I would be 'taken care of,' but I didn't want that. That's not how I was brought up. I have goals and values that make me different."

It took a while for Woods to show what all the fuss had been about. When the Aggies knocked off Indiana, Las Vegas, USF and Kentucky in late November and December, they were led by sophomore forwards Vernon Smith and Ryan Wright. Woods didn't score in double figures in any of those games. But since the conference season began, he has emerged as the team's leading scorer and rebounder and a proficient shot blocker. "Early in the year he looked like a high school player," says teammate David Britton. "Now he's an intimidator."

Woods has the right attitude for that role; he considers the area around the basket as his private domain. When a Houston guard tried to penetrate all the way to the hoop last Saturday, Woods not only blocked the shot but he also wagged his finger at the intruder. "A guard is only supposed to do that if I'm not looking," he said. "He should give me more respect."

Respect is something Branyan has learned to live without. Instead of reveling in his success, he questions it, scoffing at the suggestion that he or his team is anything special. "It's hard for me to think we're as good as the top teams," he says. "I guess I still look up to those people, because I never thought I could play with them."

Whether he thinks so or not, it is clear that he can. He just needed more time than Woods did to prove it.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 29-Feb. 4)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST

A spate of upsets was topped off by Furman's 83-70 conquest of North Carolina. With Al Daniel popping in 29 points, the Paladins took a three-point halftime lead and kept adding to it in the opening game of the 21st annual North-South doubleheaders in Charlotte, N.C. Later that night, North Carolina State beat Virginia Tech 97-88. The next day, the teams swapped opponents. State defeating Furman 73-63 and

North Carolina struggling past Tech 92-80 in overtime as Tar Heel Al Wood scored 33 points. Hawkeye Wilneye, who had 43 points in State's win in the North-South, had 43 more at Clemson. But that was not enough as the Tigers came out on top 85-72. Virginia's Jeff Lamp scored 71 points as the Cavaliers toppled Temple 73-71 and won two ACC games, 69-63 at Maryland and 83-76 at Wake Forest.

Duke took a ball-game lead over North Carolina in the ACC, winning 75-60 at Wake Forest and beating Maryland 87-78. In the first encounter, Mike Ginniss made 12 of 16 shots, scored 26 points and latched on to 13 rebounds. Against the Terps Jim Spornkel canned 11 of 12 field-goal tries, scored 27 points and had eight assists.

Superb long-range shooting enabled Oral Roberts to defeat Georgetown's press and pull off a 75-74 shocker. Rhode Island was also upended, St. Joseph's (Pa.) handing the Rams a 55-48 setback.

But there was no stopping Syracuse or La Salle. With Louis Orr scoring 22 points and tying a team record with 13 assists and with Duke Shackleford getting 27 points, the Orangemen swept past West Virginia 90-74. For La Salle, the man man was Michael Brooks, whose twisting layups and jump shots accounted for most of his 28 points in a 123-103 win over American University that pushed the Explorers' East Coast Conference Eastern Section record to 7-0.

There was a scramble for first place in the Southern Conference. Furman (6-2) beat Western Carolina 78-68 behind Jonathan Moore's 32 points. Appalachian State (8-3) trimmed Davidson 84-72 and knocked The Citadel (5-2) from the lead 76-65.

1. DUKE (10-3)

2. N. CAROLINA (10-4) 3. SYRACUSE (10-2)

WEST

"Like a fist, we all stuck together," shouted Durwin Cook of Portland after his 17 points helped join San Francisco 85-82. As the Pilots rallied from a 72-64 deficit by running off 14 straight points, Jose Slaughter, who finished with 22 points, and Rick Rairio, who contributed 22 points and 16 rebounds, led the way. At Seattle, Bill Cartwright of San Francisco scored 28 as the Dons won 72-58. That left USF tied for the WCCAC lead with Pepperdine, which beat Nevada-Reno 85-78 and St. Mary's 77-73.

Southern Cal stayed within half a game of UCLA in the Pac 10 as both won twice. After a 69-59 conquest of Washington, USC swamped Oregon 87-64, forcing 27 turnovers and getting 25 points and 13 rebounds from Cliff Robinson. UCLA used strong finishes to win 65-58 at Oregon and 69-56 at Oregon State. The difference at Oregon, Bretin Coach Gary Cunningham felt, was that his big men were "more aggressive and more aware." That they were, controlling the

boards and triggering eight fast-break baskets. Like the Ducks, the Beavers made a run at the Bruins, only to have UCLA put on a closing spurt. UCLA shot 72.7% from the floor in the second half and got 23 points from Brad Holland.

"It was a real ambush, Western style," said Utah State Coach Dutch Belnap after running down visiting Cal State-Fullerton 85-70. A tireless man-to-man defense held Fullerton to 34.7% shooting, and the Aggies got hot performances from Dean Hunter, who had 24 points and 10 rebounds, Keith McDonald, who scored 21, and 6'10" freshman Leo Cunningham. He amassed 10 points, eight rebounds and five blocked shots in just 10 minutes. For the Aggies, who have also liked Weber State, Utah, Brigham Young and Long Beach State, it was another impressive victory over a strong Western team. Utah State then disposed of UC-Irvine 65-54 and moved into a first-place tie in the PCAA with Fullerton, which was beaten by San Jose State 84-80.

Just when Weber State got recognition, having been voted No. 19 in the UPI poll, the Wildcats were handed their first Big Sky loss 70-63 by host-shooting Boise State. Weber then thrashed Idaho State 85-48 as Richard Smith poured in 31 points. Lawrence Butler of the Bengals, the No. 2 scorer in the nation with a 28.4 average, had 26 points.

1.UCLA (16-3)

2.SOUTHERN CAL (13-6) 3.UTAH ST. (16-6)

MIDEAST When Michigan State's Earvin Johnson severely sprained his right foot, the Spartans were leading Ohio State 32-21. The medical report was that Johnson probably would miss the rest of the game, but when he heard on the training-room radio that the Buckeyes had gone ahead 41-40, Johnson said, "You can't wait until tomorrow. If we lose, the season's over." Hearing that Johnson could play if needed, Spartan Coach Bud Heathcote "moderated" a third of a second and sent him in. Johnson scored nine points in nine minutes to force a 64-64 tie at the end of regulation time and added six in overtime for a total of 23 as the Spartans won 84-79. That, plus a 61-50 win over Northwestern, put Michigan State back in the Big Ten race with a 6-4 record.

Ohio State, which began the week 9-0 in the league, lost again, 70-62 at Indiana. Buckeye Coach Eldon Miller, who said his squad had not been "playing with enough early intensity," found this to be the case against the Hoosiers, who sped in from 32-20.

Iowa, which has won 13 of its last 15 games, tied Ohio State for first place by winning two road games. In knocking off Wisconsin 70-64 and Minnesota 97-71, the Hawkeyes got 42 points from Ronnie Lester.

There was also a shakeup in the SEC, where Alabama fell from first to third after blowing

a 32-22 lead and being jarred 83-77 by Tennessee. The Vols had a 38-28 rebound margin, got 26 points from Reggie Johnson and sank 17 of 22 free throws while "Bama" missed eight of 13.

Vanderbilt was also upset at home, losing 90-87 to Florida in overtime as Mark Giamber scored 23 points for the Gators. The Commodores then won 66-58 at Mississippi to tie Louisiana State for the No. 1 spot, half a game in front of Alabama. LSU won 84-78 at Tennessee and beat Kentucky 70-61. The Tigers hit on 30 of 35 free throws against Kentucky. During the final 12 minutes, LSU made only two field goals, but earned 24 free throws. During Macklin, LSU's best player, who has been out since Nov. 30 with a broken foot, decided to save a year's eligibility by sitting out the rest of the season.

After breezing past Brown 80-53 and holding off Xavier of Ohio 66-57, Notre Dame had to scramble to defeat Dayton. The Flyers, who got 32 points from Jim Paxson, were up by nine early in the second half. Notre Dame, however, wore down the Flyers, who had only one field goal in the last 8:45. Kelly Trupka of the Irish scored 37 points—17 in a row during one dazzling stretch—and set a school record by sinking 23 of 26 free throws in Notre Dame won 86-71.

DePaul was shocked 82-80 by Western Michigan, a 15-time loser that got 29 points from Kenny Cunningham. The Blue Demons then helped Coach Ray Meyers celebrate his election to the Basketball Hall of Fame by beating Oral Roberts 75-72 for his 585th win.

Detroit improved its record to 16-4 by defeating Eastern Michigan 80-75 and by stunning Georgetown 91-71 behind Wilbert Mc Cormick's 22 points and Terry Duero's 20.

A 72-61 victory over Bowling Green, in which Stan Joplin had 21 points, helped Toledo take charge in the Mid-American. One game back were Central Michigan, a 73-66 overtime loss to Northern Illinois, and Ball State, which beat Western Michigan 78-67.

By demolishing Georgia State 89-71 and South Florida 114-83, South Alabama boosted its Sun Belt Conference record to 7-0.

1.NOTRE DAME (16-2)

2.JOWA (16-4) 3.VANDERBILT (16-4)

MIDWEST "It was a great victory for us and for our trainer, Kenny Rawlinson," said Oklahoma Coach Dave Bliss following a 70-62 triumph at Kansas State, where the Sooners had lost 31 in a row. "Kenny's been coming here for 26 years and has never seen us win." The Wildcats cut a nine-point Sooners advantage to one early in the second half, but Oklahoma then scored nine consecutive points, seven by Al Best, who ended up with 21.

Missouri also won its first game of the week and remained tied for the top spot in the Big Eight with Oklahoma. The Tigers started off

with an 84-80 overtime victory at Iowa State, where Steve Wallace got 28 points and 7 2" Tom Dore, who had been averaging 2.5 points, scored 20 and grabbed 13 rebounds.

In a shootout in Norman to settle the conference leadership, Oklahoma led 30-32 early in the second half, but went 7 1/2 minutes without a field goal, which allowed Missouri to zip in from 71-70 with 2:10 left. A record Sooner crowd of 11,000 then saw Oklahoma go ahead for keeps, 74-73, on Aaron Curry's layup. By the time Oklahoma wrapped up its 80-76 victory, John McCullough had 25 points and Real 18 points.

Sharing second place with Missouri was Nebraska, which lost 66-57 to last-place Oklahoma State and averaged two earlier setbacks to Colorado with a 79-52 wipeout before a record Husker gathering of 14,999. Kansas stayed two games off the pace by dumping Colorado 56-51 and Oklahoma State 82-71 as Paul Mokesski popped in 45 points and pulled down 24 rebounds.

See the scoreboard at Las Cruces, New Mexico State 83, Indiana State 81. See the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CALVINNATT: The 6' 5" senior, who has career averages of 23.8 points and 11.8 rebounds, had 71 points and 29 rebounds as Northeast Louisiana beat Arkansas-Little Rock 92-83 and Southern Mississippi 99-79.

clock, one second left. See the desperate young Sycamore, Bob Heaton, zing the ball 50 feet. See the ball rattle off the glass and through the net at the buzzer. A three-point play by Brad Miley midway through the overtime helped Indiana State win 91-89 and remain unbeaten. Larry Bird led Indiana State rolling with 37 points, 17 rebounds and nine assists. At Tulsa, the travel-weary Sycamores led only 9-6 after eight minutes. Bird wound up with 22 points and 22 rebounds as State glided to a 66-56 decision.

"He just got his rhythm," said Marquette Coach Hank Raymonds of Bernard Toone, who carried the Warriors to a 79-77 victory at Creighton with his 6-for-10 shooting in the second half. He finished with 26 points. With Creighton leading 42-38 at the start of the last half, Toone rhythmically hit six straight perimeter shots and scored 14 of Marquette's next 16 points. Marquette ran its record to 16-3 by winning 71-51 at St. Louis.

Alcorn Missis. State, which led Division I with a 94.9 scoring average while winning its first 17 games, stayed hot. The Braves, who lead the Southwestern AC, continued scoring at a furious pace as they took two non-conference games, beating Tougaloo 92-74 and Arkansas-Pine Bluff 93-89.

1.INDIANA STATE (20-0)

2.LOUISVILLE (19-3) 3.TEXAS A&M (20-4)

Peter Gregg, America's best sports car driver, has several dilemmas. Most of them stem from his approach to life, which is to look for faults, bring them to attention, ruthlessly eliminate them and, voilà, perfection. "Peter Perfect," he is called by his racing rivals.

Having spent many of his 38 years doggedly pursuing perfection and having exorcised most of his own weaknesses—he is tempted only by cashew nuts today—Gregg now finds himself facing the results of such determined effort, which is not the same as reaping the rewards. Having won the International Motor Sports Association GT championship five times, including last year when he won nine of the 10 races he finished, the only person who can challenge him in that series is himself. He holds a degree in English from Harvard and finds few in motor racing who stimulate him intellectually. It shows. People are generally put off by what they perceive to be his air of condescension. He lives in Jacksonville, where he owns an extremely profitable automobile dealership handling three of the best (nothing but) marques in the world: Mercedes-Benz, Porsche and BMW. But in Jacksonville he has few chances to see the foreign films he so loves, or to otherwise pursue culture. He feels racing can be fun "for about 20 minutes." After that he is uninspired, because, being in the lead, "the only thing left to do is not lose."

There are still more dilemmas, but one gets the picture. Peter Perfect has improved himself right out of the ball park. It isn't easy for a man to be satisfied when he feels the best he can do is not lose.

Gregg's accentuate-the-negative approach may be successful when measured by its temporal rewards, but it is a bumpy road to travel spiritually since those around him are generally less obsessed with mistakes and weaknesses. As a result, when Gregg attempts to point out the flaws in others—let alone ruthlessly eliminate them—things often get tense. He is not overwhelmingly popular. His defenders, staunch though they may be, are those few who are close to him. And his standards for others being uncompro-

The price of perfection

Peter Gregg has become the best sports car driver in the U.S. by finding fault, a road to the top that was certain to take him on a wide detour around popularity

ming, few even get close to him for very long. A lot of people simply write him off as being rude and obnoxious, only to suddenly find that he can be charming and gracious, humorous, warm, even self-effacing. Much of what he says is for effect, either to manipulate, to shock—or simply to amuse himself.

All of which makes Peter Gregg prob-

ably no more difficult than the average intelligent, egocentric, complicated, calculating, clever, successful businessman-race driver. If it weren't for the fact that Peter Gregg and A. J. Foyt would never get along, Peter Gregg and A. J. Foyt would get along famously.

Given his ego, Gregg is moderately frustrated by the fact that he is not re-



Gregg was favored to win his fifth Daytona 24-hour, but he had his doubts. As usual, he was right.

vered like Foyt or Mario Andretti. But his game is sports cars, which receive less attention than open-wheeled racers. Gregg tries to console himself by being philosophical about it; he likes to think of sports car racing as a purer pursuit, a higher-class endeavor. He likens himself to a stage actor as opposed to a movie star, still, he wouldn't mind seeing his name in lights. He is reconciled to relative anonymity, however, because he has rejected open-wheeled racing as unsafe. "I could be a star like Andretti if I had less concern for my life," Gregg says.

Successful race drivers occasionally have delusions of grandeur, but they rarely kid themselves about their ability. Gregg's ego is not misplaced; he doesn't think he is better than he actually is. In an event last October run in idemically prepared Camaros, Gregg won the pole and the race, defeating seven Formula 1 drivers, including Andretti.

The overwhelming majority of Gregg's racing miles and victories have been in Porsches, although he has never won the most prestigious sports car race, the 24 Hours of Le Mans. "I wouldn't be anywhere today without Porsche," Gregg says sincerely. "It's a paternalistic relationship," he adds with a smile. "I'm always trying to win their approval. When I do something good they say, 'Here, Peter,' and throw me another bone." The bone is usually in the form of the newest and fastest equipment from Porsche.

Sometimes Gregg hires himself to the factory as just a driver, bringing along little more than his driving gear. Other times he contracts his entire effort—meaning cars, mechanics and tools. His dealership, Brumos, has its own team, and Gregg prefers to race under the red, white and blue Brumos colors because that way he has more control—he is team manager as well as No. 1 driver—and stands to make more money.

Last weekend's Daytona 24-hour endurance race was one of those events in which Gregg brought only his helmet. No factory Porsches were entered, but Gregg's was the closest thing, one of two "factory-supported" cars entered by Georg Loos, a wealthy German department store owner. Gregg was the heavy favorite, having won the race four times and being teamed with Jacky Ickx of Belgium, whom even Gregg considers the best endurance driver in the world, and Bob Wollek of France, an accomplished sports car driver. Despite the fact that

the Loos team's organization fell way short of Gregg's standards, he was relaxed and enjoying the race week.

"It makes no sense to worry about things over which you have no control," he said, adding that anyone who doesn't have that philosophy would do well to adopt it. "But this team is almost comical," he continued. "By all rights Loos should never win races, but he does because he buys the best equipment. And the best drivers—you have to give him credit for that. But there is almost no communication. Last year I raced for Loos at Watkins Glen, and he wouldn't let the mechanics speak to the drivers. We wanted to adjust the rear wings, so we had to go to Ingrid—that's Georg's girl friend, who runs the team when it comes over here because Georg hates America and refuses to come—and have her call Georg in Germany, and she had him tell the mechanics it was O.K. to move the wings."

T rue to form, the cars arrived a day late, because of missed shipping connections. When they did get to Daytona, Gregg and Ickx each drove four laps in practice and were told that that was it, thank you. Wollek drove a few more laps, and the engine blew. The engine was replaced the next day and the car qualified fifth, after which Ingrid and the drivers of the other Loos team car went to Disney World.

The twin turbocharged Porsche 935 is all but invincible in sports car racing, because of its sheer speed and numbers, if not reliability. Gregg's competition came from other Porsches, most notably the black 935 shared by Indy car hot-shoe Danny Ongais, Ted Field and Hurley Haywood. Gregg's protégé who has not only won Daytona three times but Le Mans as well. Another challenger was the Porsche of Carlo Facetti, Gianpiero Moretti and Martino Finotto; Facetti had won the pole with a record speed of 130.276 mph. Also given a chance was the Porsche of 1976 Daytona winner Brian Redman, now teamed with Dick Barbour and actor Paul Newman, a former amateur class champion.

There was also a factory-supported Italian Ferrari effort, three long and low red Boxer Berlinetta 12-cylinder 512s. Ferrari had been out of endurance racing for seven years, so no one knew how seriously to take the challenge. The cars were about 10 seconds per lap slower

than the best Porsches, therefore their strategy was to run like tortoises and watch the Porsches explode. However, the five tons of spare parts Ferrari brought from Italy gave one cause to wonder about the Boxer Berlinetta's own reliability.

Still, it might have been a good plan—if only the tires had been more suitable. The Ferraris used Michelins, the Porsches Goodyears; Goodyear has done extensive testing at Daytona. Michelin has little experience with what happens to tires at 200 mph around the steep banking lap after lap. One of the Ferraris blew a tire and crashed on the oval during practice; the same thing happened to another in the third hour of the race. So at 8:30 p.m., four hours after the start, the Ferraris were withdrawn.

The Porsches started exploding early, as expected. Half an hour after the start, pole sitter Facetti was in the pits with a blown engine. The No. 2 Loos Porsche followed suit soon thereafter. At sunset, Gregg's car lost an hour when two turbochargers had to be replaced. By midnight the Ongais/Haywood/Field and the Redman/Barbour/Newman Porsches were running one-two on the same lap, the only 935s still going strong. For a while Gregg was 20 laps behind in fifth, making up ground, but during the night he retired with valve problems.

At dawn Redman went out with a blown head gasket, which left Ongais/Haywood/Field with a 46-lap lead over yet another Porsche. A gorgeous old Ferrari-Daytona, driven by John Morton and Tony Adamowicz, was third.

When the second-placed Porsche died later in the day, the Ferrari-Daytona, over 200 miles behind Ongais, inherited second. Then with only 10 minutes remaining in the race, Ongais' Porsche slowed to a crawl with turbocharger problems. Danny parked it 300 feet from the finish line, shut off the engine to protect it from further damage and waited for the checkered flag to fall, marking the end of the 24 hours. It did, and Ongais fired up the 935 once more to get credit for finishing the race. The car blew out a charge of blue smoke and chugged across the line a winner, at about 15 mph. He and his teammates had covered a record 2,626.56 miles at an average speed of 109.249 mph.

It wouldn't take a Harvard graduate to figure out that it wasn't a perfect finish, but not all winners are fussy. **END**



White started DiBernardo, who is an Olympic eligible, took one unraveling shot against the Soviets

Coming of age in Seattle

On the U.S. Olympic and national teams, the accent is on youth. The Olympians zapped both Canada and Mexico, but the big squad got bounced by the U.S.S.R.

I think I can still play the whole 90 minutes if the coach will only give me a chance," wheezed a toothless old man in a dirty raincoat. The speaker, who was dining with the U.S. Olympic and national soccer teams last Friday night in Seattle, the day before they would respectively face the Canadian Olympic and the U.S.S.R. national squads in the Kingdome, was not an octogenarian athlete but a 27-year-old humorist aptly named Dennis Wit wearing a rubber mask. Wit is a midfielder with the North American Soccer League's New England Tea Men, and he was pointing up the latest truth in big-time American soccer: if you're over 21, watch out for the new

kids on the block. They may steal your position and send you home.

With the help of Wit and a few other oldtimers in their mid-20s, the U.S. national team—on which both professionals and amateurs may play—held the highly favored Soviet national team to a 3-1 win Saturday night. That moral victory followed an actual one: the U.S. Olympic side, minus a few kids moved up for the evening to the big team, had beaten a newly organized Canadian Olympic team 2-0 in the first game of the double-header. All in all, it was reckoned a satisfactory showing for U.S. soccer, indicating that if we're not quite ready for World Cup finals, at least we're no longer

brown shoes with the world's tuxedo.

"It takes nine months to make a baby," observed Walt Chyzowych, the coach of both national and Olympic teams, "and it takes about two years to forge a U.S. soccer squad that will be competitive in both the Olympic and World Cup eliminations. Three years ago, only a couple of our players were native-born Americans. Today, only two are naturalized citizens. We've arrived with a new crop of kids."

At the beginning of last week, Chyzowych was still smarting from the poor showing of the U.S. Youth World Cup (19-and-under) squad in Honduras in December. He rightly blamed that debacle on his inability to get enough top college players together to form a team at a time when the colleges were in the middle of their season. But now he was feeling better. He had been particularly jubilant about the U.S. Olympic squad's 4-0 upset of a shaky Mexican team the previous Wednesday. "I've got all my little ones now," he said, "and we can go a long way."

Several of these youngsters give promise that in 1980 the U.S. will qualify for the Olympics for the first time since 1972 and perhaps advance a round or two in the eliminations for the 1982 World Cup in Spain. In 1975, Mexico knocked the U.S. out of a berth in the Montreal Olympics by winning a home-and-home series 8-0 and 4-2. That is not likely to happen again when the two meet later this year. The road from there to Mexico, however, is sinuous indeed. If the U.S. gets by Mexico, it will then face the winner of a Canada-Bermuda series; the victor there will advance to a zonal three-team round robin, from which two sides will go on to the Games.

Among the most promising of the newcomers is Midfielder Rick Davis, 20, who quit college last year to join the Cosmos on an "Olympic amateur" contract. He has become a capable attacking player. Another is Angelo DiBernardo, 22, the winner of soccer's equivalent of the

continued



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Hersman Trophy at Indiana University.

A sneaky, scoring forward who is a naturalized U.S. citizen from Argentina, he will also sign an Olympic contract with the Los Angeles Aztecs. Midfielders Larry Hulcer and Ty Keough, both 22, and both from St. Louis University, are also highly touted prospects. Hulcer has been drafted by the Aztecs and Keough plays with the new pro Major Indoor Soccer League Cincinnati Kids. Finally, there's the baby, 18-year-old Mark Mackinn, a senior at Winter Park (Fla.) High School, who, though barely able to go to R-rated movies by himself, is a talented defender.

"Chyzowych is clearing out the deadwood," says Bobby Smith, 27, a three-year Cosmos defender. "These kids lift weights, follow good nutrition and play like the devil. Us oldtimers like to party and play soccer. At their age I was terrible."

To speed up the seasoning process, Chyzowych has taken the limited risk of moving some of his youngsters up to the national team, which is usually reserved for veteran professionals. The system

works, says Glenn (Mooch) Myernick, 24, a defender for the Dallas Tornado, because "basic skills have been so improved in this country. These 19-year-olds are keeping me on my toes."

"Walt has been national coach for only two years, and these kids are his babies," says Peter Arnautoff, a 27-year-old Vietnam veteran who was goalkeeper for NCAA-champion San Francisco. "They've learned his style, and they're incredibly cohesive. He's making legitimate American stars."

UCLA Coach Steve Gay, an assistant Olympic coach, says, "When the kids start practicing with the national team big guys, the staff just can't believe it. Their passing is so tight, and they've got a kind of electricity."

Even the dour president of the U.S.S.R. Soccer Federation, Boris Fedosov, was almost effusive after seeing the U.S. youngsters drub Mexico. "Those boys are very brave and full of heart," he said. "America is obviously going to be a major force in this sport."

Davis thinks he knows one reason why the kids are playing so well. "Most NASL squads are dominated by foreign stars," he says. "At the Cosmos, I play behind Beckenbauer and Chinaglia. They dictate the pace and the play. Here, on the Olympic team, I can come out and be an attacking player, do my thing."

Saturday night in the Kingdom, after shaking hands with Henry Kissinger, who is chairman of the board of the NASL, the U.S. Olympic team did its thing, slowly and methodically picking apart the ragged Canadian defense. Ten minutes into the game, Don Ebert, 19, the U.S. captain, boomed home a pass from 25 yards out, and with five minutes left, Larry Hulcer led the game, shooting in a brilliant through pass from Ebert. Although Hulcer and DiBernardo played only half of the Canada game—being saved for the Soviet game—the Olympic team showed fine control and struck observers as being much further advanced than past U.S. squads.

But the game everyone was waiting for was the one against the U.S.S.R. nationals. Playing in a very difficult division of World Cup eliminators, the U.S.S.R. hasn't qualified a team in the final 16 since 1970, although many experts rate them one of the top dozen squads in the world. The Soviets had ar-

rived in town with their usual slightly gloomy air, smiling only when offered free Levi's but ready to test their fine new national team against the U.S., Mexico and Canada. They also described as "not clever" the new rule by FIFA, soccer's governing body, which bars from the Olympics any player who has appeared in a World Cup qualifying match. The rule, subsequently supported by the International Olympic Committee, is aimed at the "amateurs" who regularly appear on Iron Curtain Olympic teams like East Germany and Poland.

Against the U.S., the Soviets were masterful. Although they appeared perplexed at first by the lack of bite and cushion on the Kingdom AstroTurf, they quickly figured it out, working with it as if mastering a new language. At the 19th minute, Valery Petrikov volleyed a booming shot from the edge of the penalty box, which went past U.S. goalie Arnie Mausser into the net.

Three minutes later, the whiz kids went into their act. Keough bobbled a pass near midfield, mistimed it off someone's knee, managed to corral it again and chip a high through pass to Davis streaking down the wing. Davis, normally a right-footed scorer, booted a low shot with his left for a goal high and to the left of Keeper Victor Radaev.

But although the kids played with commendable verve, it was oldtimer Myernick, a calculating sweeper, who saved the score from being worse than 3-1. Toward the end of the game, with both Hulcer and DiBernardo on the field, the crowd of 13,317 was on its feet, Kissinger included, chanting for an equalizing goal. But Forward Nikolai Kolesov iced the game with a shot from eight yards out in the 83rd minute.

Afterward, Chyzowych was stony. "If we'd lost like that a year ago, it would have been very destructive to us," he said, "but this year we're building it up. I've tried my kids with fire and they survived. We're not going to go out and win the World Cup tomorrow. But after that, who knows?"

Said DiBernardo, "We showed them something. More important, we showed ourselves that we're not kids anymore."

Which may be true, although Chyzowych is not about to make all the old guys of 24, 25 and 26 wear masks and beg to play.



Davis had the only U.S. goal on a Keough pass

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Carner's spectacular eagle at the second



was the start of Bradley's long afternoon

She has no match at match play

That's the name of JoAnne Carner's game, as Pat Bradley sadly learned

JoAnne Carner's progress through a match-play tournament is devastating and inexorable. If she can't beat you one way, she has two or three other ways that will do just as well. She is long off the tee and masterful from a bunker. She is a pretty good putter and a very good thinker. But her greatest advantage is that she loves match play, which puts her at least one-up against most opponents before they ever leave the first tee. Last week Carner reached the finals of the Colgate Triple Crown, the only match-play event on the LPGA calendar, by marching through Debbie Massey 5 and 4, Sandra Post 3 and 2 and Silvia Bertolaccini 5 and 4 at Mission Hills in Rancho Mirage, Calif.

Pat Bradley can hit a golf ball every bit as far as Carner can. She is just as strong, just as athletic and just as competitive. At 27, she is one of the four or five best players in the LPGA. In 1978 Bradley won three tour championships to Carner's two, plus the Mixed Team title with Lon Hinkle, and she finished second to Nancy Lopez on the money list while Carner dropped down to fourth, her lowest position in five years.

Nevertheless, when Bradley and Carner played Sunday for the \$23,000 winner's check, Carner was the heavy favorite because nobody beats JoAnne Carner at match play. During her long amateur career, when she was winning a

national championship every other year or so—always at match play—her winning percentage in USGA events was an incredible .893.

When Carner plays a head-to-head match she invariably has the initial advantage of greater experience at this particular type of golf than her opponent, and she adds to that advantage by making it clear she relishes it. Most of the other women share Amy Alcott's feelings about match play. "Personally, I like to get it over with," Alcott says.

By Sunday the desert snow had melted and Rancho Mirage was again experiencing the kind of midwinter weather that appeals to ex-presidents—dry and sunny with a breeze from the northwest. It was a perfect day for golf. Carner had apparently cured earlier putting problems by switching from a Bull's Eye to a Ping, while Bradley, charged up by her 4-and-2 dismantling of Donna Caponi Young in the semifinals, was breathing fire. "I'm going to come out storming," she promised.

They both came out storming, right into greenside bunkers at the 1st hole. They halved the hole with bogeys. No harm done, one might have assumed. As it turned out, however, the hole was crucial for Bradley. While Carner two-putted from 35 feet for her bogey, Bradley did so from only six feet, her first putt running right over the hole.

Somewhat disheartened, Bradley birdied the par-5 second. Trouble was, Carner made an eagle 3—the only eagle of the tournament—after hitting a five-wood second shot to within six feet of the pin. Bradley became even more disheartened when Carner won the third hole with a par 4 to take a two-up lead.

"When you get behind the master," Bradley said, "you know you have to birdie, and that can wear you down after a while."

"What happened at the start may have made her think she had to grind a little harder," Carner said.

For Bradley, the situation quickly went from bad to worse. She grimaced as two putts just missed the cup, and after eight holes the undeniable Carner had a se-

continued

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cure four-up lead. At the 9th, a par-5. Carner played a shot that Bradley and those in the gallery will be recounting for years. Carner's ball came to rest a few feet off the back of the green and only two inches from the base of a palm tree with a fat trunk.

JoAnne seemed to have no shot at all, not even a lefthanded stab. She mulled the matter for a minute or two, then turned her back to the hole and played a carom shot off the trunk of the palm. "I had to hit the shot fat to get the ball up," she said. "Otherwise it would have come straight back and hit the club face a second time. I asked the head pro to watch to see if it came back, and to call the penalty if it did."

Miraculously, the shot worked, as the ball struck the trunk in the desired spot and ricocheted toward the pin. But Carner missed her putt, settled for a bogey and lost the hole to Bradley's par 5.

For Carner, it was only a momentary lapse. She continued to apply pressure on the back nine, and closed out the match 4 and 3 when Bradley conceded her two-foot putt for a par on the 15th.

When a reporter asked Bradley what had gone wrong, she opened her blue eyes wide and said, "I didn't hit it well, sir. I really gassed it bad."

Nothing in golf is more fun to watch than a good match. A tournament such as the Triple Crown produces dogfights and cliff-hangers in a profusion that makes the average stroke-play tournament seem like an exhibition. But match play is the unlabeled stepchild of professional golf because of the kind of thing that happened in the first round at Mission Hills. With the fond hopes of the promoters, the sponsors, the media and most of the spectators riding on her, Nancy Lopez, the greatest attraction women's golf has produced since Babe Zaharias, dropped her first match to Bertolaccini on the second extra hole and was, for purposes of publicity and promotion, lost for the week.

In a normal tournament Lopez' three-under-par 69 would have put her only a stroke or two behind the leaders, and seasoned observers would have been remarking sagely that she was in good position to win. But this was match play, and Nancy dropped into the consolation flight.

The Bertolaccini-Lopez match was

possibly the best of the tournament. Bertolaccini, now starting her fifth year on the tour, has improved gradually since arriving from Argentina in 1975. She knew she would have to play near-perfect golf in order to have a chance against Lopez—and she did just that. On the first nine holes Lopez had four birdies, Bertolaccini three. Neither was ever more than one-up at any point in the match. They made the turn even, and the match was still square at the par-3 17th. Then Bertolaccini three-putted from 30 feet to lose the hole to Nancy's par. Silvia's bright hopes dimmed abruptly; Lopez needed only to halve the par-5 18th to win.

But Bertolaccini squared the match at the 18th by hitting a wedge shot over a small lake to within six inches of the pin. Lopez conceded the birdie putt, giving Silvia a 68 for the round, and they moved on to extra holes. They halved the 19th in pars, but then Silvia won with a birdie putt from 12 feet at the 20th.

"It was a fun match," said Lopez. "I was proud to be part of it."

As the entire Western world and Japan must know by now, Nancy Lopez of Roswell, N. Mex. became, as of Jan. 6, Nancy Lopez Melton of Hershey, Pa. She would be Nancy Lopez Melton on the tour if she had her way. Instead, the companies to which she is under contract insist that she remain Nancy Lopez to the consuming public.

Bertolaccini had arrived at Mission Hills fresh from a month of hard work on her game in Florida. Nancy arrived after a honeymoon on Kauai in Hawaii, where it rained steadily, followed by two weeks of hitting balls off rubber mats at an indoor-outdoor driving range in Hershey, where she and her husband Tim live for the time being. "You hit balls out into the snow and there are little heaters over your head," Nancy said, somewhat hopelessly.

Lopez suffers from a strange malady that causes her upper arms to stiffen painfully when she is inactive. Originally, only her right arm was afflicted, and the condition was diagnosed as strained muscles. Now the stiffness is in her left arm, too, and though Nancy is looking for a new explanation, she claims that so far it has not affected her play.

She had planned to fly to Los Angeles on Wednesday to see a specialist but, like everyone else, she became snowbound.

continued

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of all things, in the desert. With the airport closed, the roads impassable, the pro-am canceled and the golf course unplayable, the 16 qualifiers paced and fretted in their hotel in Palm Springs.

Donna Capone Young worked out in the hotel's health club. JoAnne and Don Carner played crazy eights. Bradley, a New England skier who has given up the sport at the urging of her father ("My dad always says, 'Remember what happened to Jim Lonborg. He went skiing and hurt his knee and he was never the same again'"), gazed at the towering, snow-covered San Jacinto Mountains longingly. And somebody else built a snowman in front of the hotel and put a golf cap on his head.

"We were all like caged lions," said Carner.

By Thursday rain had washed the snow away, and the Mission Hills course was in surprisingly good condition. Some of the contestants were not Carner hadn't played in a tour event since September. Bradley had a jammed thumb that has been bothering her off and on for three years. And Don German hadn't played match play for nine or 10 years, she guessed. German has been on the tour for five years, three of them full-time. Though she has improved steadily and had her best year in 1978, earning \$33,590, German has yet to win a tour championship.

Nevertheless, German, four other non-winners and Mary Mills, who has not won a tour event in five years, all qualified for the Triple Crown field, but Hollis Stacy, winner of the U.S. Open the past two years and fifth on the 1978 money list, did not. Qualification is based only on points earned in Colgate's three other events—the Dismal Shore in March, the European Open in England in August and the Far East Open in Kuala Lumpur in November—and Stacy finished 17th and fifth in the first two, then chose to pass up the trip to the Far East.

Perhaps the Colgate system contains a subtle commercial logic not visible to the naked eye, but it is artistically lacking. Any tournament that produces a match as good as Lopez vs. Bertolucci, or a match player as good as Carner, deserves a long and prosperous life, but a tournament that excludes a player like Hollis Stacy seems deliberately to be getting in the way of its own success. **END**

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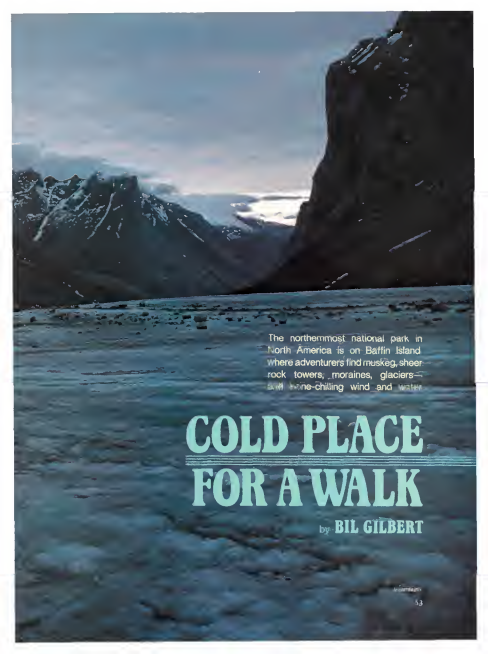
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A wide-angle photograph of a desolate, high-altitude landscape. The foreground is a vast, flat expanse of snow and ice, with some darker patches visible. Two people, dressed in dark winter gear, stand in the lower right quadrant, looking towards the mountains. The background is dominated by a range of jagged, dark mountains with significant snow cover. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds, and the overall lighting is diffused, suggesting an overcast day.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RONALD H. SACKS



The northernmost national park in North America is on Baffin Island where adventurers find muskeg, sheer rock towers, moraines, glaciers—still bone-chilling wind and water.

COLD PLACE FOR A WALK

by **BIL GILBERT**

BAFFIN

continued

Baffin is a 1,000-mile-long island, the fifth-largest in the world, and is shaped like a crude, badly used battle-axe. The notched, dented blade, two-thirds of which lies above the Arctic Circle, partially caps the northern reaches of Hudson Bay. The shattered, stubby haft, a promontory called the Cumberland Peninsula, points toward Greenland, 250 miles eastward across the polar seas.

By any standards, Baffin is a formidable place. The average maximum winter temperatures are well below zero. If summer comes—and often it barely gets to parts of Baffin—the midnight sun may warm things up to 50° or so, but there is no day in the year when there is not the possibility of frost and snowfall. Winds are incessant and often of gale force.

The island's terrain is rough everywhere, but it becomes truly mountainous on the eastern side. The elevation of the black, rocky peaks there, five to seven thousand feet, is not spectacular, but their conformation is. Geological upheaval, ice, water and wind have cut the rock into jagged spires, columns and abutments, the sheer faces of which rise several thousand feet straight into the cold air.

According to old Baffin hands, God created the rest of the world in five days, on the sixth He made Baffin and on the seventh He amused Himself by chunking rocks and ice at it.

Much of the land that is not rocky is icy, lying under banks of perpetual snow and glaciers. The massive ice fields are the remnants of the Laurentide ice sheet that once covered much of Canada and portions of the U.S. to thicknesses of up to 13,000 feet. The Laurentide ice eventually retreated to Baffin Island, where it

probably began. It waits now in the black mountains, the presumption being that sometime it will once again move south.

Though in area it is larger than New England, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia combined, the total population of Baffin could fit into the bleachers at Fenway Park. This is not surprising, given the grim nature of the island, but what is surprising is that people have been trying to live there since long before they began to nose around Boston Common. In the course of their epic migration across the Arctic, Eskimos reached Baffin some 4,000 years ago and have remained ever since. Some 5,500 Eskimos (or Inuit, as they call themselves) live on the island, most of them in half a dozen recently established coastal villages that are convenient for government administrators, social workers and storekeepers up from southern Canada.

About 1,000 years ago Vikings came to Baffin, but while Norsemen continued to stop by periodically for centuries, there is no evidence that they enjoyed or profited from their visits. In 1585 a British mariner, John Davis (Davis Strait, between Baffin and Greenland, is named for him) made a landfall on the Cumberland Peninsula. Thirty years later William Baffin explored the island, and since then there have always been whites in the area—first whalers, then traders, and currently mostly bureaucrats of one form or another.

About 20 years ago, members of the international rock and mountain climbing fraternity began to investigate Baffin, particularly the strange peaks and extensive ice fields of the Cumberland Peninsula. Now this arctic wilderness has become for very serious rock climbers and backpackers what an ultrafashionable

disco is to the international jet set; in other words, the appetite for exotic and adventurous recreation that has developed in the affluent temperate zones has made Baffin a place to be.

Like rock dancers, rock climbers come from all over the more or less civilized world. Among the several hundred who made it into the interior of Baffin in the summer of 1978, for example, were Scots, English, French, Luxembourgers, Swiss, Japanese, a Korean and a scattering of North Americans from such places as Fairbanks, Alaska; Vancouver, B.C.; New York City and Iron Springs, Pa.

Six years ago, in part to both aid and supervise outside visitors, Canada set aside 8,287 square miles of the Cumberland Peninsula as a national park called Auyuttuq, an Inuit word meaning The Land That Never Melts. Among other impressive phenomena, the park includes the Penny ice cap, one of the world's largest sheets of permanent terrestrial ice.

Auyuttuq is the northernmost park on the continent. A pass climbs up the valley of the Weasel River from the head of a fjord off Cumberland Sound. It reaches a series of glacial lakes at the summit and then descends the Owl River to an arm of Davis Strait. The route along the Weasel (but not along the Owl) is sporadically marked by Inuit cairns. Otherwise there are no signs or guideposts. There are seven tiny emergency shelters into which three or four people can squeeze to escape the weather. This is the extent of the facilities in Auyuttuq.

On the fjord below the Weasel River, 18 miles from Auyuttuq, is an Inuit village of 950 people called Pangnirtung. In it are the park headquarters, where maps and advice can be obtained. The advice is largely cautionary. Visitors are given to understand that if they get into trouble in Auyuttuq they will have the sympathy of the park field staff (four wardens and a superintendent) but not much else. No rescue teams are available to respond to emergencies. The point is emphasized that anyone who goes into Auyuttuq must be self-contained and self-reliant.

There are some gaudy ways of entering Auyuttuq, such as parachuting onto

the Penny ice cap, but most people fly into Pangnirtung and there try to make arrangements with Inuit guides to be hauled up the fjord in canoes or on snow sleds. Even getting to Pangnirtung by more or less conventional transport can involve considerable logistic effort, and when you get there you wait. You wait for machines, for spare parts, for somebody's cousin who is said to be seal hunting but who, it is also said, will probably be glad to give you a ride in his boat if and when he returns. Especially you wait for the weather—until it is good enough to fly or paddle or just walk.

The problem of arctic travel was nicely illustrated in Pangnirtung last July, which is when summer is supposed to occur. Gales, snowstorms and frosts were frequent and the weather was generally worse than anyone could remember it for 20 would-be summers. A few impetuous visitors who got to Pang early were able to snowmobile into Auyuittuq over

the frozen fjord, but shortly thereafter the softening ice became too rotten for sleds while not dissipating sufficiently to permit canoe travel. These in-between conditions continued almost until August. The *crème de la crème* of the international outdoor set, those who had arrived precisely when careful research and planning indicated they should arrive, hung around Pangnirtung for days and weeks while their supplies, patience and cash melted. Waiting in the Arctic can be as expensive as traveling. In Pang, lettuce was selling for \$3 a head, apples for \$1 each. Other goods and services were comparatively priced.

Scenically, Pangnirtung has much to recommend it, at least for a few days of waiting. There are those who feel it is the most attractive village site in the Arctic, standing as it does on the beach of a clean, deep, mountain-bordered fjord. But many people, especially romantics who want igloos or, at the least, tents,

find the village less than charming. In design and function, Pang is arctic modern, like most of the settlements in far northern North America. The buildings are basically prefab tin and wood boxes, to which additions of packing crates, plastic and canvas are often made. Most of them are surrounded by truly impressive piles of debris—cans, bottles, plastic wrappers, old bedsprings, broken toys. Remnants of outboard motors and snowmobiles are mixed in with exotic organic matter, scraps of fox and hare skins, pieces of old whale and seal, and lots of very defunct fish.

There are sound reasons for this mess. Temperate zone waste-disposal systems are simply out of the question in settlements perched on solid rock or on a few inches of frozen sand over the rock. For thousands of years the obvious solution has been to let things lie and rot where they fall. But because of greater contact with southern civilization, the continued



Starting point for some visitors to the park is this relatively luxurious campsite along the fjord near Pangnirtung, where summer temperatures can reach 50°.

north now has more junk than it used to. Junk that doesn't rot away, but the disposal system remains traditional. A happier way of looking at Pangnirtung is that it is a kitchen midden in the making and no doubt will be very attractive to archaeologists who come this way a thousand years from now.

For tourists, a very important person in Pangnirtung is Ross Peyton, a giant Newfoundlander who came to Baffin nearly 30 years ago as a Hudson's Bay Company clerk and stayed on to become an entrepreneur of the Arctic. From his base in Pang, he trades in native crafts and also operates a fairly luxurious fishing camp that caters to affluent anglers from the south. Peyton also owns the only public house in Pang, a combination hotel-dormitory-dining room, which is of course known as Peyton Place. Like other more or less permanent inhabitants of Pang—Inuit and southern Canadian alike—Peyton has not done any thrashing around in the interior of Auyuittuq and expresses no interest in doing so. However, he thinks well enough of the park and its users, though they put little money in his pocket.

"The chaps with the big packs," he says, "bring everything with them. They camp out on the beach or up in the rocks, more power to them. They will slip in here when things get grim for a shower or a meal. Generally they don't have much money, but they are very bright and well educated. When they go back they talk a lot about what they have done, and it gets our name around. Older people who don't want to scramble around in the rocks but who have the wherewithal for a more comfortable trip hear about us and may book in the hotel or at the camp. Those pack people do my advertising for me."

More efficiently than any government regulations, environmental imperatives control the number of people who use Auyuittuq. The difficulty of reaching even the head of Pangnirtung fjord winnows out the casual tourist. Only about 1,000 arrive in Pang each summer with some interest in seeing the park. About half of these make it to the park proper but turn back after a one-night stay just inside the Auyuittuq boundary. Only about 250 continue on up toward an emergency shelter 10 miles away at the foot of a gray, cold body of water called Windy Lake. Perhaps 200 of these go on

toward the summit of Pangnirtung Pass. Brief guides to Auyuittuq note: "Arctic hiking is quite a bit different and more difficult than walking through other areas of the Canadian wilderness." And: "Needless to say, previous backpacking experience and good physical condition are prerequisites. Novice and intermediate hikers should be accompanied by more expert backpackers."

The walk up the Weasel to Windy Lake is relatively easy compared to what lies beyond, but even in this 10-mile stretch there are "differences and difficulties." The ascent is moderate, the summit of the pass standing only about 1,500 feet above sea level, but the footing is atrocious. The best of it is found along the river on sand and salt bars and in low-lying pockets of mossy, swampy muskeg. The ground squishes up underfoot but at least the walking is fairly level. However, there is not much of this flat, sloppy going because the terrain is choked with moraines, those great haphazard piles of debris left behind by glaciers. Moraines are filled with rock, everything from gravel to boulders the size of suburban tank buildings, and they are slow and fatiguing to cross. The worst are the newest ones, made slippery by residual mud and ice. Alongside and through the moraines run powerful, milky colored streams fed by the melting glaciers above.

The quickest and most tempting way of crossing moraines is to jump from one icy rock to the next, but if you're carrying a full pack this is also a good way of breaking a leg or cracking a skull. A variant technique at difficult points is to change from boots to sneakers and wade up the streams. This is slow and also painful, because the glacial waters of Auyuittuq are a few degrees below freezing, cold enough to burn like fire after a short period of exposure. Two or three minutes would be the average survival time if one were fully immersed in the water.

Aggravating all the other difficulties is the weather. Says the cautionary Auyuittuq literature, "Strong wind combined with rain or wet snow at near the freezing point—conditions which can occur in every month of the year—has caused more exposure casualties than full winter cold." The quality and quantity of the wind is hard to imagine. There is almost never a truly calm day in Pangnirtung Pass, and gales of 40 or 50 mph are as common as zephyrs in the south.

These are winds that cut and bully and can kill. According to a clinical note on a topographic map of Auyuittuq, "Hypothermia is the rapid, progressive mental and physical collapse accompanying the chilling of the interior of the human body. It is caused by exposure to cold and aggravated by wetness, wind and exhaustion. Most cases develop in air temperatures between -1° C. and 10° C."

Sam Walmer is an orchardist who spends most of his time tending peach and apple trees on his farm in Pennsylvania. He has been a good and frequent companion of mine in various adventures and misadventures. For a variety of temperamental reasons, Sam and I tend to mount disorganized expeditions. We had fully intended to reach Auyuittuq in mid-July, the optimum time according to all authorities. However, there were distractions. For example, several days were lost in Toronto as we tested the theory that it is easier to handle horses there than it is in Charles Town, W. Va., which turned out to be untrue. We did not reach Pangnirtung until nearly the end of July—and were rewarded for our tardiness; we caught one of the first canoe floes going up the fjord, a happening that better-organized tourists had been awaiting for weeks.

Among our upward-bound companions were four men who identified themselves as public-school teachers of outdoor education. They were abundantly and cunningly equipped and gave us a lot of good tips about how to survive in the outdoors. We hoped that their concern for us was misplaced, but we could understand why it arose. Sam and I do not appear, well, very smart when we go a-venturing. Sam, for example, no matter what the occasion—running white water, spelunking, climbing glaciers—favors a basic costume of overalls, ragged sweat shirt, long johns, a tractor driver's cap and Sears work boots. Our gear tends to be old and battered, having been beat up in a lot of improbable places, including several in the Arctic. Because of sloth, we are both disinclined to carry anything we are not going to use or use up. This suits us, but it is not surprising that our outdoor experts would worry about us.

When we beached at the head of the fjord, the outdoor educators immediately

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BAFFIN

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The hulking, 5,000-foot-high rears of Thor, crowned with mist and ice, rises abruptly from the valley

said goodbye and added that they might see us again when they were coming down from the summit, at a time when we presumably would still be trudging up. Their plan was to make the 70-mile round trip in four days, and they started off briskly. We dawdled. The day was a nice one, one of the first summer days of the year. Temperatures were in the 40s, there were occasional periods of sun, and the wind was gentle, no more than 20 mph. We found a patch of dry-meadowy muskeg covered with a lot of nice-looking boreal flowers. We set up the tent behind a sheltering boulder and spent the rest of the afternoon admiring nature.

Some time during the long twilight

that passes for night in these parts the weather changed and returned to normal. The temperature dropped to freezing; it began to rain or snow or something in between, and the wind rose and began beating on the tent. There being no incentive to lounge around in this sort of thing, we pocked up and started ascending the Wensel River Valley. We reached the Windy Lake shelter about midday and in it found two of the outdoor educators. One had a sore knee and the other was trying to mend a tent that had been ripped by the wind. They said their two companions were scouting ahead to see whether or not they should go any farther.

Windy Lake is descriptively named. All the gales of Auyonitaa appear to fancy this spot as a permanent home. Beyond the shelter we approached the shallow, perpetually roiled lake over a series of long, steep, shivery moraines that in places could be crossed only by crouching low and hanging onto the rocks so as not to be blown backward. In God's good time the moraine gave way to several miles of mud and sand flats over which the unimpeded winds from the lake get in some of their best licks. At the head of the flats, we met the other two outdoor recreationists coming toward us. They had gone a mile or so farther, found no place where a tent could be pitched and said they could not believe how bad the weather was. They had given up the idea of a dash to the summit of the pass and were going back to their two friends, then returning to Pang as soon as weather permitted.

"At least you will have good lecture material when you get back to class," said Sam, with a certain innocent venom.

There was not much fight in the outdoorsists. Their leader, a principalish man with a very teachy conversational style, nodded glumly at the environment and said earnestly, "This is a harsh land of many contrasts."

Every expedition, well ordered or not, needs a zingy slogan to lift the spirits when things get really bad. Ours became "This is a harsh land of many contrasts."

We heard later that the educators had arrived back in Pangnirtung two days later. There they made arrangements to visit Ross Peyton's fishing camp, where they caught lots of char and undoubtedly enjoyed having a roof over their heads and a professional cook in the kitchen. We gloated a bit because their expedition had begun with so much side, but we didn't gloat much. It had become very apparent that this harsh land, if it put its mind to it, was more than capable of sending anyone scuttling back to the comfort of a fishing camp, or making him wish he could. Hubris may be natural to some, and even invigorating, but a little of it goes a long way in this part of Baffin.

Though it didn't seem possible, the weather got worse. The temperature dropped some more and the wind rose into a 60-mph tantrum, driving the water in the air into every crevice, even through the fabric of the storm shells we wore. Walking face into it, as we did

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BAFFIN

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through the day, gave one the sensation of pushing into a perpetual thicket of laurel bushes. What with the wind, scrambling across moraines, wading in muskeg and fording the ice streams, fatigue began to seep into us like water into a leaky canoe, rising from the Achilles' tendons to the calves, back, shoulders and, finally, to the gunwales, so to speak, of the head.

As tiredness flowed in, warmth flowed out. After seven miles of this, we both began to get the shakes, which were not only unpleasant but surprising. Sam and I both take some pride in liking cold weather and being resistant to it. Shivering acquaintances say it is, because we

are both too ample; we claim it is because we are sensible feeders who maintain proper substance and circulation, and that our critics could do the same if they were not so obsessed with being skinnier than God intended our species to be. In any event, the shakes were something new for us and we decided that this was no place for metabolic miso, that what we needed fairly soon was to get much warmer and drier than we were.

This was not immediately possible, because for several miles we could not find a place flat enough for a tent that had enough shelter to keep a tent from being ripped to smithereens by the wind. Along toward mid-evening we came to a field of

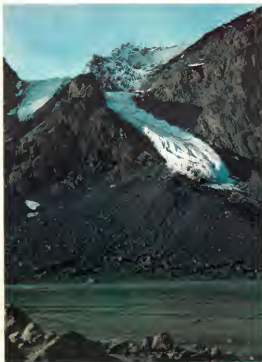
black rocks, an old moraine. At the edge of this field, a few feet above the Weasel River, was a shallow dry ravine. The river was choked with sheets and blocks of ice that were noisily grinding against each other. Directly across the river was a cold-looking and loud phenomenon, the 5,000-foot face of a hulking, hook-shaped peak called Thor. Snouts of glaciers poked out along its flanks, down which periodically rumbled a cannonade of ice blocks and rock splits. The names of many of the spectacular Baffin peaks are taken from the mythology of the north: Thor, Odin, Loki, Freya. This is appropriate for these brooding, violent-looking and violent-sounding outcroppings. If they are not the petrified remains of the Thunderer and his ancient associates, they are very suggestive of them.

It seemed that the ravine might do for a camp. Getting set up in such a place is a kind of teeth-gritting, play-it-one-simple-move-at-a-time exercise; unlashing soggy, frozen packs, wedging a flapping tent into the bottom of a ravine, squirming out of wet clothes into dry sleeping bags, performing contortions inside a tiny tent while trying to start a stove, preparing hot food without setting the whole delicate nest of nylon and feathers ablaze. When it was all done, it was time to settle back and start some serious worrying. Once spread out in such a situation, the spreadees are as vulnerable as uncoiled armadillos, with nothing between them and the elements except a few millimeters of fragile nylon. As the wind tore into the ravine walls and at the tent, we cringed, as much as the cramped quarters would permit, hoped we had put the thing up right, and tried, without much success, to think of what we would do if we hadn't.

Fortunately the tent held, but so did the storm, keeping us shut up in our nylon cocoon for the next day and a half. Along with worrying, we entertained ourselves by discussing backpacking, an activity about which even in good weather we have mutually sour opinions.

It is now fashionable to call deep breathing aerobic exercise, introspection has become transcendental meditation; eating clean food is organic nutrition. In the same manner, hiking has been made chic and is called backpacking. There are a number of inspirational books in which authorities explain the mystique of backpacking and how it will enable the suc-

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Tongues of glaciers, remnants of ice that once spread as far south as New York, lick down the cliffs

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BAFFIN

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cessful practitioner to find tranquility and truth, or perhaps God. All of which I find irritating and pretentious.

I have hiked some 8,000 miles in the past 20 years, the largest single segment being 2,600 miles along the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine. I can honestly say that I have seldom taken much pleasure from the simple act of walking. It seems to me that the essential question is whether what you find during or at the end of the walk is rewarding enough to compensate for the hiking—or backpacking.

Considering these matters while stormbound, Sam and I decided that the best way for us to have gotten to where we were would have been in a tight, heated Plexiglas bubble. We could have seen everything we wanted in the Weasel Valley and been a lot more comfortable.

However, midway through that uncomfortable march from Windy Lake to Thor we had paused for a rest at the top of a particularly punishing moraine. We looked back, because the wind made it painful to look ahead. Suddenly, downstream, a great white bird, a gyrfalcon, swooped down from the cliffs and took its prey, a sandpiper-type bird, on the lake flats. That was something neither of us had ever seen before but which we had both long hoped to see. Sam and I had first met, when he was 15, because of falconry. I had already been flying birds for 15 years and had written occasionally about falconry. Sam's father brought him around to hear more about its practice. Since then the two of us have admired a good many birds of prey.

Falconry is one of the most addictive sports. For 3,000 years it has held man's interest, and at times it has become a kind of mania. In medieval England, falconry was such a serious matter that a legal code evolved specifying what classes of people could own what species of bird. A holy-orders clerk was permitted only a male sparrow hawk, a piffing bird for this sport. At the other extreme, only a king could take the field with a great white arctic gyrfalcon on his fist. These pale hunters of the far north were worth king's ransoms, even men's lives.

Once I knew a young man who now has been dead a long time by reason of suicide. He was a kind of monomaniacal genius of falconry whose consuming ambition was to work with a gyr. Eventually he made arrangements to get to an

area of the Arctic where gyrfalcons had been reported. He was dropped off by a bush pilot and, although he was not much of an outdoorsman, in fact not much of anything but a fanatic falconer, he found an arctic and stole a young gyr. In the course of things he became lost, was unable to find his way back to the spot where the pilot was to retrieve him, and ran out of food. When a rescue party caught up to him, he was gaunt from hunger, feverish and infected. His young gyrfalcon, however, was in good shape. He had shed strips of flesh from his own thighs and had fed them to the bird.

Sam and I never have been falconers on the order of that tormented man, but we have some feeling for this passion. We are falconers enough so that a glimpse of an imperial gyrfalcon riding down out of the sky on the back of a Baffin storm made up for a lot of backpacking.

When the storm finally broke, Sam and I crawled out of the tent and spent the afternoon drying our gear and doing a little botanizing in the moraine meadow. While so engaged we were joined by a small, elderly Korean who, under full pack, came over the rocks from the direction of Windy Lake as sprightly as a lemming. He said his name was In-Cho Chung but that his English-speaking friends called him Charley and he would be honored if he could count us among his friends. Charley, who was in his 60s, was a botanist who for 10 years had been visiting the Arctic to look at its flora, about which he planned to write a guidebook. He said that this was the second time during the brief summer that he had been to the moraine at the foot of Thor. Because a good many others had had great difficulty getting that far even once, we asked him to explain.

Flying north from Montreal, the venerable botanist had met a woman who was traveling to Auyuittuq. "I suggest to lovely young lady that we do it together," said Charley and silenced all ribaldry with a dignified hand gesture. "We would be of aid to each other for purposes of a hiking and a making camp."

Charley and the lovely young lady reached Pangnirtung in early July in time to catch one of the last snowmobile rides up the frozen fjord. Once in Auyuittuq, things did not go well for them. "Lovely young lady was not a well prepared," explained Charley regretfully. "Very thin

sleeping bag. I gave to her my feather jacket so she could stay warm, but she is a still very cold. She have trouble crossing the little streams. First I would cross with my pack. Then I would return to get lovely young lady. Very a slow."

They finally made it as far as Summit Lake, where Charley planned to spend some time looking at plants, but almost immediately the woman said she must return to catch a plane south and asked Charley to escort her as far as Pang. When they reached the fjord they found they could not travel further by either snowmobile or canoe because of the poor ice conditions. They decided to walk the 18 miles back to Pang along the walls of the fjord. Caught between the cliffs and the ice in the water, they had an awful hike and at times had to wait until low tide permitted them to scuttle around the sheer cliffs. On one of these passages the lovely young lady fell in the water. "She was a very cold and a excited. She say 'Hy-po-ther-mia, hy-po-ther-mia.'" Charley recounted wonderingly, as if describing some curious occidental superstition. "She say will die if I do not stop and put up tent. It is a very bad place for tent, is all mud, but she say she will die so I do it."

The lovely young lady did not die and eventually made her flight. "I rest a few days in Pang," Charley said, "and now I am back. Now the plants are very nice and the weather is so good."

Sam and I met two North Americans who may have traveled farther and harder to get to Auyuittuq than anyone else there last summer. Nancy Witte and Doug Best, of Fairbanks, had left Alaska in May, traveled south to Washington state, across the U.S. to the East Coast, then north to Montreal where they got a plane to Pangnirtung. Before leaving Fairbanks they had dried their own vegetables, jerked some moose meat and made up various whole-grain concoctions to get them through their summer of hard wandering. In Auyuittuq they hiked up through the pass, down the Owl Valley, and then back across the mountains and glaciers to emerge on another fjord where they hitched a boat ride back to Pang with a party of French mountaineers. In all, they had walked some 200 miles over the harsh Cumberland Peninsula.

Three other young Americans, Steve Amter, Rick Cronk and Ronald Sacks,

all from New York City, were to become celebrities among the climbers in the pass. They were serious climbers who planned to scale Asgard, a glacier-ringed mountain near the summit of the pass that has a very large international reputation among mountaineers. Some claim that from the standpoint of esthetics and challenge it is the world's perfect peak. The three climbers waited several weeks in Pang, finally got as far as the Thor moraine but then, like everyone else, were pinned down by the storm. They began to worry that getting their gear across the glaciers to the foot of Asgard would take more time than they had and would require much too much back-packing, about which they felt more or less as Sam and I did. Occasionally during breaks in the clouds they could study the formidable west face of Thor. The face itself has never been climbed. However, peering out into the storm, the three New Yorkers thought they saw a route up which they might ascend one of the prominent shoulders of Thor, in some ways as impressive a feat as getting to the top of Asgard.

When we met them, early one evening, they had decided to try it and were loading their tubular climbing packs with enough rope, hardware, food, water and clothing for a two-day ascent. Steve, a college student and part-time Manhattan cab driver, had finished packing and was leaping about the moraine field in a kind of strange ballet. "Everything has slowed down, lying in that sleeping bag," he explained. "I've got to get my body moving before I can get my head together."

Rick said that if they made it up Thor, it would be the longest and most difficult climb he had ever done.

"Just looking at it scares the hell out of me," I offered comfortingly.

"I'm getting really scared," Rick said very quietly.

They cached the gear they would not need and we said we would look for it when we came back that way in five or six days. "If you come back in six days and those packs are still there, take what you want," said Ron, a tiny, frail-looking man, but the most experienced climber of the three. "We won't need them anymore."

To start their climb, they first had to cross the Weasel River, no small challenge. Stripped, they linked arms to resist the current and moved slowly ahead,



using ice axes for support. They worked their way from sandbars to ice cakes, occasionally turning back and finding a new passage when the ice water became more than shoulder deep. When they reached the far beach they turned to wave. In a thoughtful mood, Sam and I went on our way toward the summit of the pass. The gist of our thinking was "better them than us."

The highest of the emergency shelters along the pass stands on a gravel bar at the edge of Summit Lake, the source of the Weasel. It serves as a regrouping place for parties that intend to climb the mountains and glaciers of the Penny ice cap, which lies northwest of the nearly always frozen lake. It was also the principal communication center for the pass. A Swiss mountaineer named Maurice, who had arrived in Auyuttuq in late June by snowmobile, had packed in sufficient supplies (undertaking two round trips from the fjord head) to make the Summit Lake camp his more or less permanent summer residence. So situated, Maurice passed along messages between parties, guarded cached supplies and in time became known as the Mayor of Summit Lake.

We left part of our gear in his care and moved up along Summit Lake in search of a nice glacier. Finding a gla-

cier in these parts is easy. Four major ones push down almost to the shore of the lake. Getting onto one is more difficult, because the glaciers are guarded by the formidable moraines they have created. By and by, we came upon the lakeside face of a great mass of ice called the Turner Glacier and began to ascend the 1,000-foot-high guardian moraine.

The Turner moraine was very wet and slippery, being in fact a covering of large, loose rock laid not very securely on a core of ice. If stepped on in the wrong place, a great boulder the size of a Volkswagen would shift and tetter alarmingly. Below and, worse, above were equally large pieces of glacial masonry that seemed no more firmly secured. It didn't take much imagination to conceive of one suddenly being set in motion by a pair-migan landing on a bad balance point, then rolling down the slope, pulverizing everything in its path. There is nothing flashy about moraine climbing, as there is, for example, in rappelling down a cliff, but the penalties for clumsiness are just as severe.

For the first half mile the moraine was separated from the glacier by a 50-foot-deep chasm. We worked our way up through the rocks toward a place where it looked as if the gulch pinched in and we could get to the ice. The curved nar-

continued

BAFFIN

continued

back of the glacier next to us was covered with loose gravel and small rocks that lay on the ice like a rough, muddy-colored skin. It was as if we were staring up at the flank of a massive elephant.

We crossed from the moraine onto the glacier, where the crevasse narrowed, and there its humped back was free of gravel and scree. There were snow patches on the ice, but mostly it was pure frozen water, cut with ravines and small canyons, strangely sculptured in blue, silver and lime-green ice. It was a beautiful and awesome place, but at a pedestrian's level the great virtue of glaciers, after stumbling across the moraines and muskegs of Baffin, is that they provide very good footing. The ice is level and firm, and is precarious only at the lips of crevasses.

So we strolled, enjoying the easy going, to the ridgetop of the glacier. As we reached it, the sun and a good bit of very blue sky broke through the overcast. Across the suddenly glittering ice field a 5,000-foot clock tower of rock popped into view, wisps of mist and cloud clinging to its sides like leaf mold on the cap of a new morel mushroom. This was Asgard. Whether this is the world's most perfectly shaped big rock, as some Baffin mountaineers claim, is a matter of individual taste. However, jumping out of the weather at us as it did, looming above the glacial field of ice, Asgard seemed to Sam and me a very decent mountain, well worth the trouble of finding it.

As we made our way back from the glaciers and the summit lakes, the weather became cyclical. In the mornings, from 4 a.m. to about midday, it was good, much like cool, clear, early October days in the northeastern U.S. In the afternoon, the wind rose and it became colder; clouds and precipitation blew into the pass from the fjords, and for living purposes it became February. The storms ripped and snorted until midnight and then moved seaward, and the good weather came back.

Because we intended to return from the summit slowly, looking at geological, glacial and botanical phenomena we had not seen enough of on the way up, this pattern was convenient. In the October morning we moseyed along, taking the sun and sightseeing. When clouds began to pile up, indicating that February was approaching, we looked for the lee of a

nice rock, pitched the tent and waited there until the weather became more agreeable. Descending in this leisurely way, we came again, five days after we had left it, to the Thor moraine. The supplies that Steve, Rick and Ron had left, before leaving to climb Thor, were still there, untouched.

This non-happening presented us with both a practical and ethical dilemma. The probability was that the three climbers were all right; perhaps they had left the mountain by a circuitous route, had met and borrowed food from another party and were on their way back to the cache. However, having been with them when they packed and planned for the ascent, we knew that they were well past their estimated time of return and it was certainly not impossible that the delay was involuntary.

The day was turning into February and the visibility was so poor that we could see very little of Thor, let alone three small human figures. Even if we could locate them from such a distance, we had neither the skill nor equipment for a rescue. We could make a forced march to the fjord and there perhaps make contact with Pangnirtung, but this seemed like a melodramatic response and probably a pointless one, because it was unlikely that there would be anyone in Pang who could retrieve climbers from Thor. On the other hand, or third hand, doing nothing seemed like a weak choice and, should it turn out that the three were in trouble, a weak choice with which we would have to live badly for a long time.

There being no apparent good options, we turned indecisively to displacement activity—we got out the stove and started to make soup. About the time the water boiled, we heard distant shouts coming out of the mists on the far side of the Weasel. Down the moraine scrambled the three missing persons, their fists raised in the classic victory salute. They crossed the stream more rapidly and boldly than they had on the way out. When they emerged on our side, they were cold, shivering, burned by exposure, very hungry and a bit dehydrated, but absolutely triumphant. For a few moments they babbled exultantly, like players in a locker room who have just won the big game—which, in fact, the three of them had. After they calmed down, they gave us the play-by-play.

Stretching their food and water far-

ther than they thought they could, they had made more than 25 pitches with their 150-foot rope; they had climbed almost 4,000 feet along and up the west face. It was by far the longest pure rock ascent any of the three had ever made, and one of the longest in the world. They had reached their objective, the unclimbed shoulder of Thor, and had come down the backside, returning through glaciers to the river. On two nights they had bivouacked in very bad weather on high ledges, but they also had had one singularly good day. "The sun was bright, almost hot," said Ron. "I was climbing in my underwear. The Weasel Valley below us from the summit to the fjord was filled with clouds. They looked solid, the color of ice. I thought this must be what everything had looked like 10,000 years ago when glaciers filled the valley. The scene was prehistoric."

Sam and I continued slowly on down the valley, leaving the climbers to savor their triumph and gorge on food. They rested for a day and then began packing out, catching up with us again at Windy Lake. Together we walked on to the fjord head and in time found a canoe ride back to Pangnirtung.

There are mixed emotions about re-entering society after such excursions. Immediately, sensually, it feels very good, as dry rooms and beds, hot water, substantial meals, a bottle of beer feel good. Also there is a sense of security. If the roof blows off Peyton Place, it is not something that must be suffered and coped with alone; coping materials and alternatives are available. It may take some waiting, but even in an outpost such as Pang you can get at most of the goods and services men have collectively devised. On the other hand, you are once again dependent upon them; on the Hudson Bay's distribution apparatus; on radio telephones; on computers that promise to make plane reservations in Montreal; on air traffic controllers in New York; on money and all that it entails; on all the arrangements and relationships, complex beyond understanding, that link each of us, like it or not, to everyone else.

It is the fact and sense of having been temporarily unlinked that is most regretfully abandoned when one returns to Pangnirtung and, inescapably, re-assumes one's allotted position in the chain of civilization. That is, as the man says, the tradeoff.

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SUPER BOWL

Sir,

What A Passing Parade! The pictures of the Super Bowl in your Jan. 29 issue were great. The cover was fantastic. The story was enjoyable. What more could a person ask for? Probably just the bathing-suit issue!

PETER LINES
Croton, N.Y.

Sir,

I have been a subscriber to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for six years now and have been photographing sports for about a year. I would like to congratulate your photographers for four great issues (Jan. 8, et seq.). I knew my renewal through 1980 was worth the price when I saw the cover picture of the Sugar Bowl, with Alabama stopping Penn State from six inches out. The next week's issue contained many superb shots of the NFC and AFC championship games. My favorite was the two-page layout of the rain-soaked Steelers-Oilers contest. Not only did your photographers take great action shots of football, but also of basketball, as the Jan. 22 issue proved. Finally, there was the Super Bowl and your photographers were there capturing all of the game's great moments in 12 superb pictures. Once again, I congratulate you for four great issues.

JEFF WEILL
Minnetonka, Minn.

SUPER MOUTH

Sir,

I truly enjoyed the report of Super Bowl XIII by Dan Jenkins. However, you gave Tom Henderson more ink than other deserving Steelers and Cowboys. The Steelers simply ignored his unprofessional attitude throughout the week and during the game. I'm not surprised to learn that he calls himself "Hollywood." After all, he's a better actor than a football player. By talking so much during Super Bowl week he seemed to be giving us a preview of his role in his first movie. *Jaws XIII*.

KEVIN A. JOSEPH
Upper St. Clair, Pa.

SUPER OOO

Sir,

The Monday morning quarterbacks were eager to pin goat horns on Jackie Smith for dropping a touchdown pass in the Super Bowl. However, my dog Nicky has proved conclusively that it wasn't Smith's fault. According to Nicky, the blame for the incomplete pass has to be placed on Roger Staubach, who threw a lob pass instead of the

usual bullet. And how did Wonder Dog reach this conclusion? Elementary. This versatile canine loves to catch popcorn by mouth at distances of one to six feet. He rarely misses bullets or footballs, but when I take something off the tow, he muffs it every time. He just can't handle the soft lob pass because it throws his timing off. That's why Smith has been officially exonerated by the Highland Commissioner of Fireplugs.

BOB DURLING
Highland, Ind.

TROUBLED WATERS

Sir,

One quote in particular caught my attention in Robert Boyle's article (*Air's Not Tranquil at Flacid*, Jan. 15). The words were attributed to LPOOC Broadcast and Marketing Division Chairman John Wilkens, a man who is admittedly aggressive when it comes to chasing a buck (the green kind without fur). There is a familiar ring to the phrase "I'm not a crook." Was it not first made popular in a similar context by Richard Nixon?

BOB HAMERLIGH
Sitz, Austria

JANUARY SAILS

Sir,

The efforts of the Master Anglers and the Masters Tournament (*Flocking to the January Sails*, Jan. 29) have set conservation standards that have maintained a fabulous fishing hole—Palm Beach to Seawater—for many years. We release our sailfish, and have a rule that all other fish (wahoo, dolphin, kingfish and barracuda) are to be released during the tournament.

We sincerely hope that all "on the dock" tournaments are eliminated. We would be happy to share our rules and experiences with other members of the angling fraternity.

STEPHEN SEGAN
Masters Tournament Chairman
1980-1981
New York, N.Y.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Sir,

The Philadelphia Phillies may not ever win another division championship, even with the acquisition of Pete Rose, but they have distinguished themselves in that they are the only team in baseball to have more hotdogs on the field than in the stands.

GARY HAYNES
Kingsport, Tenn.

GUIDRY (CONT.)

Sir,

Re Yankee from Louisiana, by Sam Mo-

ses (Jan. 22): the only fault that I can find with Ren Guidry is the way he spells his name.

TERRY GUIDRI
Richmond

Sir,

Having been a teammate of Ronnie Guidry's at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, I revealed in your article about him. I was reminded of the night we played non-conference rival LSU in Baton Rouge. The outcome of the game has been long forgotten and is unimportant—it was Guidry's performance that was memorable.

Our coach, Bobby Barra, "allowed" Ronnie to pinch only three innings (we had an important conference game two days later). In the first inning, Guidry threw nine pitches, all called strikes. In the second and third innings, a few of the opposing players managed to wave at the ball after it went by, but the results were the same: nine pitches resulting in three strikeouts in each inning. Those were the hardest 27 pitches I have ever seen. It is so gratifying to see the real cream rise to the top.

CHIP SANGHIES
Humble, Texas

GOOD KNIGHTS

Sir,

I very much enjoyed Larry Keith's story (*The Wizard of Washington*, Jan. 29) and certainly would not argue against the fact that the DeMatha High basketball program has been a smashing success and therefore very much in the public eye in the past several years. However, I feel that the Mount Vernon High (N.Y.) basketball team, which gets little publicity outside Westchester County, is worthy of comparison. For whatever reason, DeMatha draws many of the "best" junior-high and CYO players around Washington" as evidenced by Percy White's "five-hour" commute from Otis Hill, Md. Our MVHS is a public school and only Mount Vernon residents attend. Despite this handicap, MVHS has had seven players drafted by the pros in the past decade. This year's team now has a record of 15-1, including a 32-point shellacking of Washington, D.C.'s Mackin H.S. (a regular opponent of DeMatha) last month in the Long Island Lutheran Invitational Tournament. Though DeMatha was ranked No. 1 among high school pollsters last year, we in Mount Vernon, who are biased of course, doubt that anyone could have defeated our Knights.

NORMAN KRAKNE
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

MASTERS TENNIS

Sir:

If the top five players in men's tennis—Connors, Borg, Vilas, Gerulaitis and McEnroe—show indifference and even disdain for the Grand Prix Masters tournament, they can find reasons everywhere. Curry Kirkpatrick's otherwise perceptive piece (*Blistering Andre*, Jan. 22) didn't even bother to mention that:

1) Even double losers can wind up winning the Masters title.

2) The Masters is inconclusive. A year ago Connors, Borg and Vilas wound up with 1-1 records against each other, yet Connors ended up with the title. This year there would have been another unending stalemate had Ashe beaten McEnroe in the final.

3) Meaningless round-robin matches between losers bore both players and fans.

4) Because players qualify for the Masters by amassing yearlong Grand Prix Circuit points, the system has become a mindless measurement of endurance and "quantity" play rather than "quality" play.

Spoiled, greedy or selfish players aren't what's wrong with the Masters. The fault is the format.

PAUL FEIN
Agawam, Mass.

TENNIS TEENS

Sir:

After reading the article *The Juvenile Sure Ain't Child's Play* (Jan. 8), I must say that I am disgusted with the antics of Andrea Jaeger. After reading of her "court manners" and after watching John McInroe's on television, I began to wonder, I baby-sat for a 5-year-old who throws tremendous temper tantrums. Will he "grow up" to be a tennis star, too?

COLLEEN LEE
Penticton, British Columbia

Sir:

This past summer during a club tennis match my 12-year-old daughter put on an Andrea Jaeger-like display of poor sportsmanship. My wife and I endured about five minutes of her brutish behavior, then I informed my daughter's 17-year-old opponent that the match was over and that she was the victor. My surprised daughter was even more surprised when she was promptly turned over my knee and given the spanking she so richly deserved (her first since age 6).

I relate this story to make it clear that the parents of some tennis-playing youngsters really want their children to learn fair play and sportsmanship along with the other skills champions need. I encourage my children to win, but in doing so I also require that they remain civilized human beings. Encouraging or allowing children to act like spoiled brats on the tennis court can only serve to hurt the game and, worse, the poor kids who aren't taught any better.

If possible, kindly withhold my name. My
continued

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19TH HOLE continued

daughter is not proud of her behavior that day, and she is even less anxious to have her punishment broadcast to others.

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

BIRDS VS. SQUIRRELS (CONT.)

Sir:

Regarding the letters concerning squirrel-proof bird feeders (19TH HOLE, Jan. 8), I devised a feeder that I have been using in many locations for more than 20 years. I have never seen a squirrel overcome it, although many have tried. Just tie a string of fishing line to a tree branch. Below that, tie a piece of Slinky, the child's spiral-spring toy available at any toy store (a floor substitute can be made by wrapping springy wire around a broom handle). Below that, hang a light feeding tray, such as a half-pound plastic margarine cup. Below that, tie on a little bell—just for fun—and a stabilizing weight.

Squirrels can run down the string, but not past the Slinky. It stretches and contracts, pinching them and scaring them off. The tray swings back and forth, bobs up and down and whirls around and around. Big bird-blue jays and such—get too much action and give up. On rare occasions a cardinal masters it. Sparrows and other nuisance birds cannot cling to the moving tray. But the little clinging birds, the nuthatches, chickadees, hairy and downy woodpeckers, etc., love it. They fly in at full tilt, swing and bob and whirr—and feed. My present feeder hangs from an eave above my porch (no squirrels here). I sit inside a big window, six feet away, and have counted at one time six tufted titmice eating their seed or waiting their turn. They complain when the tray is empty.

SHERWOOD BLACKSTAFF
Houston

Sir:

I've just now read your Nov. 27 issue and the amusing VIEWPOINT on bird feeders by Jeannette Bruce. After years of experimenting with this and that squirrel deterrent, my family and I have finally solved the age-old problem. We now call it "our bird-and-squirrel-feeding station."

CONNIE PULETT
Anderson, S.C.

GOLF GAME

Sir:

In golf we have a game similar to the new betting game in tennis described in SCORECARD (Jan. 22). We call it "gammion," after the game of backgammon. You bet on each hole. Opponents can challenge each other to double the wager once each hole by announcing "gammion." The challenge must be accepted or the original bet is conceded. Our game is Swedish, but fun.

R. C. DUNLAP JR.
Macon, Ga.

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